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THE NEW YORK STATE WATER-POWER commission, with not so much as a month to live, is determined to hand over the incomparable power resources of the St. Lawrence River to the Aluminum Trust. The commission goes out of existence on December 31. It is Republican, whereas Governor Smith, who is fighting to conserve the State's water-power, belongs to the opposite party. The overwhelming victory of Governor Smith in the recent election gave clear indication that the people of New York were behind him in that fight. And so, before the door is shut on such schemes forever, the commission summons in one of the richest and greediest corporations in the world and bids it take 2,000,000 horse-power away, on terms that must shake the sides of all the devils in hell. It is as though the commission were seeking deliberate revenge on a people for beating its party at the polls; or else had gone quite mad. No more wanton, cynical raid on the public domain has ever been recorded. Teapot Dome does not hold a fraction of the wealth that is locked up in the "white coal" of the St. Lawrence.

GOVERNOR SMITH continues to fight. He has retained Samuel Untermyer to seek ways and means of enjoining the commission's action. The federal government as well as the courts will have something to say before the deal is finally consummated. But the danger is acute, and all men and women with a spark of citizenship should range themselves—as vocally as possible—on the Governor's side. The lease provides that the Aluminum Trust shall pay the State $2,000,000 a year in taxes. Where will it get the taxes? Out of the hides of the citizens of New York in exorbitant power rates. The lease provides that at the end of fifty years the plant will revert to the State. On what terms? At cost plus 15 per cent—$20,000,000 velvet or thereabouts to be handed over to Mr. Mellon's heirs. Furthermore, a loophole is left for watering values which, if past experience in public-utility valuations is any guide, will undoubtedly be used to push up the price to such a figure that the people of New York can never afford to buy their own property back. Or worse still, they may be *forced* to pay through the nose when the engineering of fifty years hence is getting cheaper power from other sources. The New York *World* states the case flatly: "This is not a matter of private development versus public development. This is a matter of decent development, whether public or private, versus a barefaced last-minute grab."

THE GREAT FATHER IN THE WHITE HOUSE, that dauntless man, has just surrendered without discretion to the Senators from North Dakota, Nye and Frazier. The intrepid Mr. Coolidge, it seems, appointed to the position of United States Marshal in North Dakota one C. F. Mudgett, a protege of Mr. Hanna, the recently defeated regular candidate for the Senate. When this news reached Senator Nye he promptly went to the White House, demanded an interview with the President, and got it. Then and there he told the President that he would stand for no such treatment in the disposition of patronage in his State and the aforesaid intrepid President came down with the rapidity and benevolence of Davy Crockett's 'coon. Poor Mr. Mudgett, who had left his home for his new post, is to return unrewarded. Senator Frazier, too, served notice upon the White House that the President must recognize no one but the elected Senators. Washington points to the closeness of the next Senate as the reason for Mr. Coolidge's ignominious surrender, but we are inclined to think that Senator Nye's own fighting spirit helped to carry the day. Indubitably, as Frank R. Kent points out in the Baltimore *Sun*, this rather shoddy struggle over patronage reflects little credit upon any one involved. But, if patronage must be, there is no reason why the President should be permitted to use that of North Dakota to punish insurgent Senators who refuse to kiss the royal robes on all occasions. How, in the face of incidents like this, can the myth of the big, strong statesman in the White House persist?

WHERE WAS MOSES when the light went on? This will be the question in Washington when Senator Borah undertakes to investigate the activities of his colleague, Senator Moses of New Hampshire, in connection with the Alien Property Custodian's office. Norman Hapgood has brought out in his Washington correspondence the fact that Emory R. Buckner, United States District Attorney in New York, has in his possession three checks aggregating $6,000, drawn by John T. King to the order of Senator Moses. John T. King, it will be remembered, was

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the man who distributed the $441,000 which figured in the Daugherty-Miller conspiracy case, that being the money said to have been paid as a bribe by Richard Merton in order improperly to obtain release of certain alien property. Mr. Hapgood also declares that these three checks are not reported in the income tax of Senator Moses, and thinks from this it is "impossible to argue that this $6,000 was for legitimate services legitimately accounted for." He also maintains that there are letters in Mr. Buckner's possession which throw an extremely interesting light on the relations between Senator Moses and Mr. King. One of these letters relates to the attempt to get the "right kind of ambassador from Germany," and another from Senator Moses tells Mr. King that he will give him a tip as to the right kind of pressure in order to bring this about. As far as we can make out the next Senate will be devoted chiefly to investigating its new and old members. Smith of Illinois, Gould of Maine, Watson of Indiana, Vare of Pennsylvania, Moses of New Hampshire—the list is getting longer and more interesting every day.

ENTIRELY GRATIFYING is Mr. S. Parker Gilbert's report of the second year's working of the Dawes Plan. The Agent General for Reparations speaks in warm praise of the "loyalty and fidelity" of the Germans in their cooperation with the Dawes authorities, the promptness of their payments, and their ability to settle two supplementary budget contributions by the lump-sum payments of 300,000,000 marks; the latter Mr. Gilbert declares "significant of the spirit of friendly accommodation . . . a new sign of the good-will and mutual understanding that lie at the basis of the plan." Distribution of reparation payments has gone on smoothly, without trade or currency disturbances. France alone received 611,877,000 marks in cash, 225,000,000 marks in coal, coke, and lignite, 40,000,000 marks in fertilizers, and 37,000,000 in timber and agricultural products. Next year Germany must pay, all told, 1,500,000,000 marks and there is every prospect that it will be able to do so despite the heavy burden of unemployment doles. Mr. Gilbert criticizes the usual danger of too great governmental expenditure and censures the failure to work out a definite financial relationship between the Reich and the separate states and communes. But he records the stability of the currency for more than two years, the adequacy of the gold reserve, and the brave manner in which the Reich has borne the pains of reorganization after inflation. He, too, takes a slap at the preposterous European tariffs, declaring that "trade barriers are still responsible for great dislocation" and hamper the prompt movement of goods. All in all, the report reveals a situation far better than had been hoped for, one that reflects infinite credit on all concerned and upon none more than on Mr. Gilbert and his American staff.

THERE IS CERTAINLY no better—and perhaps no other—peaceful solution of the fifty-year-old wrangle between Chile and Peru over the Tacna-Arica territory than that formally proposed by our Secretary of State in suggesting that the area be awarded to Bolivia, the latter paying a price for it to be fixed by negotiation. The suggestion, commended by *The Nation* in its issue of March 31, last, did not originate with Mr. Kellogg, but his acceptance of it may heal a long-festering wound and restore to our diplomacy the prestige which we lost when our badly conceived attempt to supervise a plebiscite ended last spring in a fiasco. Bolivia, quite naturally, has already accepted the proposal, and it is reported that Chile is favorably disposed toward it. Such a settlement has much to commend it to all the countries concerned. The area is an arid strip between Peru and Chile of no material value to either, but it would be of decided importance to Bolivia, giving it access to the sea, a railway thereto, and the ready-made port of Arica in place of Antofagasta, which it lost to Chile in the war of half a century ago. For South America and the world at large an acceptance of the proposal would end a long-standing cause of national jealousy and potential war.

EXCITED BY A THREAT of a general strike on the part of their servants, the foreigners at Hankow, in the heart of China, telegraphed ardently for gunboats to protect them, and an international flotilla is now anchored off the concessions. But the general strike which excited such apprehension has not occurred, and the 407 American marines now at Hankow must find life dull. To the Chinese, however, the incident must have seemed just one more proof of the unity of the foreign nations. The ordinary Chinese does not know that the American Government, by announcing that it would not use its marines to maintain foreign control of the Chinese customs, had done the independence of China a real service; he knows only that whenever foreign warships threaten China the Stars and Stripes fly alongside the rest. Meanwhile, the Nationalists continue to gain ground; they have moved their capital from Canton in the South to Wuchang, opposite Hankow; their armies have captured Fuchow, the last important center of resistance south of Shanghai. A coalition of Northern war lords, meeting in Tientsin, has issued noisy proclamations of determination to down them, but while the dispatches report an intention to send 150,000 soldiers against the Southerners it remains to be seen where the coalition will find the soldiers willing to fight, the money to pay for them, or the generals capable of leadership.

"IT WOULD BE UNCONSTITUTIONAL in our country"—this oft-repeated assertion in the opinion given by William D. Guthrie, president of the New York City Bar Association, to Cardinal Hayes, sums up that jurist's argument against Mexico's anticlerical legislation. True, but what of it? Certainly legislation analogous to that embodied in the Mexican constitutions of 1857 and 1917 could not be enacted in the United States. We have, fortunately, never had an established church which dominated our entire nation politically, economically, and spiritually. Mr. Guthrie is an eminent lawyer, but he should fortify himself in Mexican history. "If," he writes, "during the last century in Mexico, fair play and religious liberty as we Americans now conceive fair play to all creeds and to all churches had been granted to the Roman Catholic church"—things would have been different. Does he not know that the Mexican Catholic episcopate unanimously decried tolerance of other creeds as "impious," "disastrous," and "anti-Catholic" three-quarters of a century after religious liberty had been written into our own national charter?

ONTARIO, TOO, HAS GONE WET—all Canada, with the exception of the Maritime Provinces, has now deserted the prohibition adopted in war time. Ontario, however, has not gone back to the saloon—she has, by reseating

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the Conservative Party with added strength, indorsed Premier Ferguson's program of permitting Dry communities to be Dry and of establishing package sale in communities which choose to be Wet. Prohibition was established in Ontario in 1916; 68 per cent of the voters indorsed it at a referendum in 1919, only 54 per cent in 1924; this year Premier Ferguson, after putting through a redistribution act which gave the cities the larger representation to which their increasing population entitled them, went to the people on the direct issue of abandoning prohibition altogether, and won. Prohibition, he declared, was a failure; and apparently most of Ontario's voters agree with him. It will be interesting to observe the new system in operation. Ontario apparently did not like the saloon system when she had it; she does not like prohibition; will the system of giving to any person over 21 a revocable card entitling him to buy liquor in packages at government monopoly stores please the people better?

THE CONSOLIDATION OF NEWSPAPERS goes on apace, the Scripps-Howard group having just purchased four more dailies, the Denver *Rocky Mountain News*, Denver *Times*, Knoxville *Sentinel*, and Memphis *News-Scimitar*. The Denver *Times* was immediately consolidated with the *Express* of that city, already owned by the Scripps-Howard chain; the *News-Scimitar* with the Scripps-Howard *ress* of Memphis, while the Knoxville *Sentinel* is similarly joined to the Knoxville *News*. Every week sees new combinations, while the air is full of rumors that there will soon be a Scripps-Howard daily in New York and that other sales and combinations are under way in the metropolis and elsewhere. But this remarkable trend is not confined to the large cities—it goes on in the small towns, sometimes extending to the concentration of all the dailies of a city under one ownership, as in Springfield, Massachusetts, and Auburn, New York. Since chain stores and combinations, in order to achieve economies of management, are the rule in almost all other lines of business, and since the making of newspapers is now purely a business affair, this drift is not to be wondered at. The effect it will have on the editorial side of the press is another matter. On this point we have a warning from a veteran old-school editor, Milie Bunnell, founder of the Duluth *Herald*, who sees in the consolidations a "disintegration" and declares that the "salvation of American thought must come from editors whose courage and brilliance will be sufficient to combat the money interests seeking to monopolize the nation's news and opinions." Fortunately, the Scripps-Howard chain rank among the most liberal daily newspapers existing in the United States today.

THE EDITOR of the St. Petersburg, Florida, *Independent* is grieved at an article entitled Real Estate versus Human Lives in Florida which appeared in *The Nation* for October 13 last over the signature of Stella Crossley. He objects to the statement in that article that "the policy of Florida newspapers, which in recent years have become mere real-estate house organs, has been to play down local storms and play up Northern ones to the advantage of the realtor." The editor assures us that the *Independent* never has been controlled in either its news or editorial policy by the realtors or, for that matter, by anyone except its owners and managers, none of whom are financially interested in any real-estate development." We are glad to accept his assurances on this point and to exempt the *Independent* from the general application of Miss Crossley's statement. The *Independent* also objects to Miss Crossley's assertion, based on an Associated Press dispatch, that "concrete benches were picked up and whirled about by the wind and frame houses were leveled," this being attributed to one J. A. Kelly, who subsequently, the *Independent* informs us, withdrew those statements. As for the *Independent's* handling of the news of the storm, however, we cannot agree that its headlines on the day of the storm were justified by the facts or the news printed under them. We have no desire to do the editors or owners of the St. Petersburg *Independent* the slightest injury or injustice; we are concerned only with the truth.

TWO DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVES of Boston Unitarianism have died within the past month. Edward Cummings, successor of Edward Everett Hale at what was best known as "Dr. Hale's Church," was killed at a railroad crossing in New Hampshire; Paul Revere Frothingham, pastor of the congregation before which William Ellery Channing preached a century ago, died at his Boston home. Mr. Frothingham was author of an excellent life of Edward Everett, that other Bostonian of many brilliancies and scant permanent achievement; Mr. Cummings was a leader in the pro-League efforts of the World Peace Foundation. Both were men of broad vision and of singular personal charm, whose qualities early promised brilliant careers; yet neither really weathered the war. Both were stricken with that strange hesitancy which leaves Boston Unitarianism today a faint shadow of the pulsing movement which once moulded American thinking. The liberal Orthodox churches have caught up with what was once religious radicalism; and the social gospel which inspired Channing to denounce war when it was still unquestioned has, like other Boston radicalisms, been smothered in the smug ancestor-worship of the present generation. Nonetheless, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Frothingham will be missed and Unitarianism confronts the question whether adequate successors can be found.

THE SUICIDE OF GEORGE STERLING closed an attractive career of the sort that can be pursued today only, perhaps, on the Pacific Coast. To Californians, Sterling was not merely a good poet; he was in a more than figurative sense their poet laureate, and by virtue of his many admirable qualities as a person he was a civic institution as well. His rank as an American poet, whatever that may be, is worth determining; but we should also remember him as a companionable man, generous to younger poets, and the leading spirit of the Bohemian Club, whence he sent his contributions to magazines all over the United States. The last poem he contributed to *The Nation*, The Seventh Veil, was so energetic an expression of disillusion that Fremont Older, upon reading it, sat down and wrote this letter:

> I got a great kick out of your Seventh Veil, published in *The Nation*. You have expressed very beautifully what I have thought ever since I found out about the human race, but have lacked both the ability and the courage to express my conclusions. I am grateful to you.

Sterling forwarded the letter to the editors of *The Nation*, but before they had time to thank him he was dead by his own hand. The disillusion he had expressed was, it would seem, his own.

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Revelry and Whispers

TWO books have stirred political waters in England and America and have called forth bitter denunciations. They are the anonymous "Whispering Gallery," already suppressed in London, and Samuel Hopkins Adams's "Revelry," the latter a novel and in that guise setting forth the story of the Harding Administration. It is without literary merit and has little to recommend it save that it portrays the author's idea of how the "Ohio gang" lived, acted, stole, and betrayed America in Washington. Coarseness, vulgarity, a sordidness incredible, utter unmorality—Mr. Adams's pages reek with them, and the chief characters in this lowest of dramas are but faintly disguised. Forbes, Fall, Daugherty, Sawyer, Harding himself all appear in scenes which must seem incredible to those who are ignorant of what the Harding Administration was, who have not followed the developments which sent Forbes and others to jail, brought two former Cabinet officers to the bar of justice, and compelled a series of suicides.

As for the "Whispering Gallery," which was fraudulently foisted on the publishers, it is a little difficult to understand the anger it has aroused. Many of the sketches of public personages strike us as extremely apt; the conversations attributed to some of the great are, on the other hand, artificial and made to order. Yet there breathes through it all such a clear conception of the smallness of most of the characters that guided the English world during its four years of torture that one must believe that the author, whoever he be, had not only a humane outlook on life but a real understanding of the political forces which made such a catastrophe possible. He is certainly correct in his assertion that the politicians killed themselves when they enthroned the financiers as the real rulers of the world. If he did not personally know men like Ramsay MacDonald and Woodrow Wilson he must have been near enough to them or their friends to give pictures which, however sketchy, are often faithful.

We are less concerned today with the books themselves than with the use of these two forms of writing in political attack. We credit Mr. Adams with the desire to do a genuine service in thus unveiling political conditions which can as yet not be handled directly without silly cries of "besmirching dead men" and "slandering a President who can no longer defend himself." Were we of the opinion that Mr. Adams wrote as a mere sensationalist, or simply in order to make money by the scandals of the Harding regime, we should of course have an emphatically unfavorable opinion to express. Assuming his sincerity, we must approve of the choice of his medium despite the crudeness of the narration. History teems with novels which have roused the public conscience where ponderous tomes and elaborate Parliamentary or Congressional reports had failed to move—witness "Ramona," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Jungle," and many others, to say nothing of Charles Reade and Charles Dickens and the other crusading novelists across the seas. Yet the novel form for political or social propaganda is sometimes confusing, because of necessity truth and fiction are intermingled—not less so in the case of "Revelry" than in similar books. None the less we repeat that we deem it entirely justifiable. If "Revelry" does not shock and arouse the American people it will be because of the author's lack of artistry and depth, because of its style rather than because of its form. Some day, some time, this humiliating chapter in our recent political history must be set forth in all its shame if the country is to be preserved from its recurrence.

Margot Asquith quite naturally is defending the usefulness of intimate memoirs—always assuming honesty, truthfulness, and sincerity. She is right in declaring that the public wishes to know what the real politician is like. It should be told, for, as the Countess of Oxford says:

> If you study the susceptibilities of the living it is more than likely that you will deal inadequately with the dead. . . . I prefer the art of a brave and faithful painter to the ingenuity of a beauty specialist when ordering the portrait of a friend, and if you ignore the faults of public men you will have nailed them more securely in their coffins than any undertaker.

The public ought to have the truth about public men, especially in America, or we shall have frequently repeated the present situation when the American electorate has been led to believe that there is a big, brave, and wise statesman in the White House instead of a timid, little man who never faces an issue until compelled to do so. Novels, memoirs, "mirrors" of Downing Street or Washington—we need them all, if they are within the boundaries of sincerity and decency. The glamor that surrounds public men, which in America has led to an absurd worship of the Presidential office and the man in it, is a menace to democratic progress and to the frank portraying of the truth at all times upon which democracies must insist if their political life is to be kept pure.

Refrigerated Mammoths

THE perfectly preserved carcass of a mammoth, the Russians report, has recently been found in Trans-Baikalia, deep in a frozen bank. It has been shipped to the Leningrad Academy of Science for further study. This is not the first prehistoric veteran whose refrigerated remains have been discovered in Arctic Siberia, nor even the first shipped on ice to the former Russian capital. At least twenty frozen mammoths have been inspected *in situ* by Russian scientists, and four woolly rhinoceroses.

Indeed, the region about the mouth of the Lena River, and the New Siberia Isles in the Arctic Ocean, must once have been thickly populated with mammoths. The trade in "fossil ivory" brought down from Siberia into China is at least a thousand years old, and several thousand pairs have been marketed within the last two hundred years. The ancient Chinese traders understood them to be the tusks of a giant rat which, they believed, lived in dark caves near the Arctic; and a shrewd old scientist suggested that the subsoil maneuvers of these gigantic creatures might be the cause of earthquakes. The first Westerners were little wiser. Captain Müller, a Swede sent to Siberia as a prisoner in 1716, wrote of these tusks that

> The common opinion of inhabitants is that they are real elephant's teeth and have lain buried ever since the universal deluge. Some of our countrymen think it to be the *Ebur fossile*, and consequently a product of the earth. . . . Others again maintain that they are the horns

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> of a live huge beast, which lives in morasses and subterranean caves, subsisting by the mud and working itself by the help of its horns through the mire and earth, but when it chances to meet sandy ground, the sands, rolling after it so close that, by reason of its unwieldiness, it cannot turn itself again, it sticks fast and perishes.

Until within a few decades hopeful souls still planned Arctic journeys in the expectation of finding some of the great beasts still wandering alive over the tundras. Modern science insists that the last of them died ten or fifteen thousand years ago—almost simultaneously with the disappearance of the mastodons who once roamed in herds over what is now the Eastern United States, but it cannot explain the mystery of their extinction, nor why their relics are so abundant in a restricted part of Siberia. Those whose carcasses are recovered entire are the few who plunged into clefts or abysses and, struggling, buried themselves in snow or ice which persisted through the millenniums until some wanton freshet, shifting its course, at last released them. But the others? Before the discovery of the Beresovska mammoth a quarter century ago it was permissible to suggest a change of climate. But the Beresovska animal had, in its refrigerated stomach, the remains of some eighteen species of plants, all of which still flourish in the Arctic, and when climates change so does the vegetation.

This Beresovska monarch, whose carefully preserved remains were for years the pride of the St. Petersburg Academy, was, except for the missing trunk and parts of the head, still frozen solid when the scientific expedition sent to recover it came upon it. Indeed so well preserved was it that Dr. Hertz's contemporary diary somewhat dryly reports:

> The flesh from under the shoulder, fibrous and marbled with fat, is dark red and looks as fresh as well-frozen beef or horse-meat. It looked so appetizing that we wondered for some time whether we would not taste it. But no one would venture to take it into his mouth, and horse-flesh was given the preference. . . . The dogs ate whatever mammoth meat we threw them.

Manufacturing News

PAUL Y. ANDERSON, Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, performed a public service the other day when he exposed the State Department in the deliberate manufacture and propagation of malicious news and the Associated Press as collaborating in the job. Here are his facts:

On September 16 Robert E. Olds, Assistant Secretary of State and former law partner of Secretary Kellogg, telephoned to the three national press associations which supply news to virtually every newspaper in the country and asked to have responsible men sent to see him. When these responsible visitors arrived Mr. Olds began by pledging them to secrecy, and then proceeded with a lurid picture of Mexico as a hotbed of Bolshevism.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we feel that this picture should be presented to the American people. We cannot prove it, but we are morally certain that a warm bond of sympathy, if not an actual understanding, exists between Mexico City and Moscow. . . . I want your advice and cooperation."

We understand that it was the representative of the United Press who first gave advice. "That is easy," he said. "Let the State Department issue a statement over the signature of the Secretary of State; every newspaper in the country will publish it."

Mr. Olds made a gesture of fear. The State Department could not charge a neighboring country, with which we were in ostensibly friendly relations, with things which it was not in a position to prove. It wanted the allegations made, but it did not want to be held responsible for them. It had no proof. After some discussion, one of the newspapermen suggested that Mr. Olds's unprovable bogy might be dovetailed into a story of the impending recognition by the United States of the Diaz Government in Nicaragua. And so it was—by the Associated Press.

Newspapers all over the country appeared on November 18 with scare headlines over a Washington dispatch which began thus:

> WASHINGTON, November 17 (A. P.).—The specter of a Mexican-fostered Bolshevist hegemony intervening between the United States and the Panama Canal has thrust itself into American-Mexican relations, already strained.

The Associated Press had done Mr. Olds's bidding. There was not a word in the dispatch to justify the lead, but the job was done; the news had been manufactured; the headlines flared; and the editorial writers sharpened their pencils and started their excoriation.

The United Press and the International News Service maintained their independence and discriminated between news and propaganda. We have examined the "flimsies" of both agencies for November 17, and the dispatches sent out by these agencies were honest news reports limited to statements of fact. They did not aid the State Department in manufacturing news—though some of their subscribers bombarded them with protests at letting themselves be "scooped."

Fortunately the country has learned to be a bit suspicious of anti-Mexican propaganda. But the instance is all too typical. Washington news consists in large part of "canned" material given out by the various departments, sometimes responsibly and sometimes not, and of the steady flow of disguised campaign material given out by Mr. Coolidge himself under the thin pseudonym of the "White House Spokesman." Washington correspondents, who naturally wish to preserve their "news sources," their friendships with officialdom, are loath to antagonize by refusing to put this canned propaganda on the wires. Nor is it Washington news alone which is distorted by officialdom. At the American Legation in Peking the newspapermen daily meet a young gentleman who talks of the Cantonese as "Bolsheviks" and gives his own political nuance to the news—and the Associated Press news which comes to us from China is gathered for it by a semi-official British agency.

All over the world the process goes on. Responsible newspapers and news agencies have an obligation to the public to war against it; and the public owes a debt to the United Press, the International News Service, and Mr. Anderson for serving it so well in this instance. The position of the United Press is significant. Serving, as it does, newspapers in thirty-seven countries, it cannot afford to let itself be used as a catspaw by the Foreign Office of any one country—and it is not.

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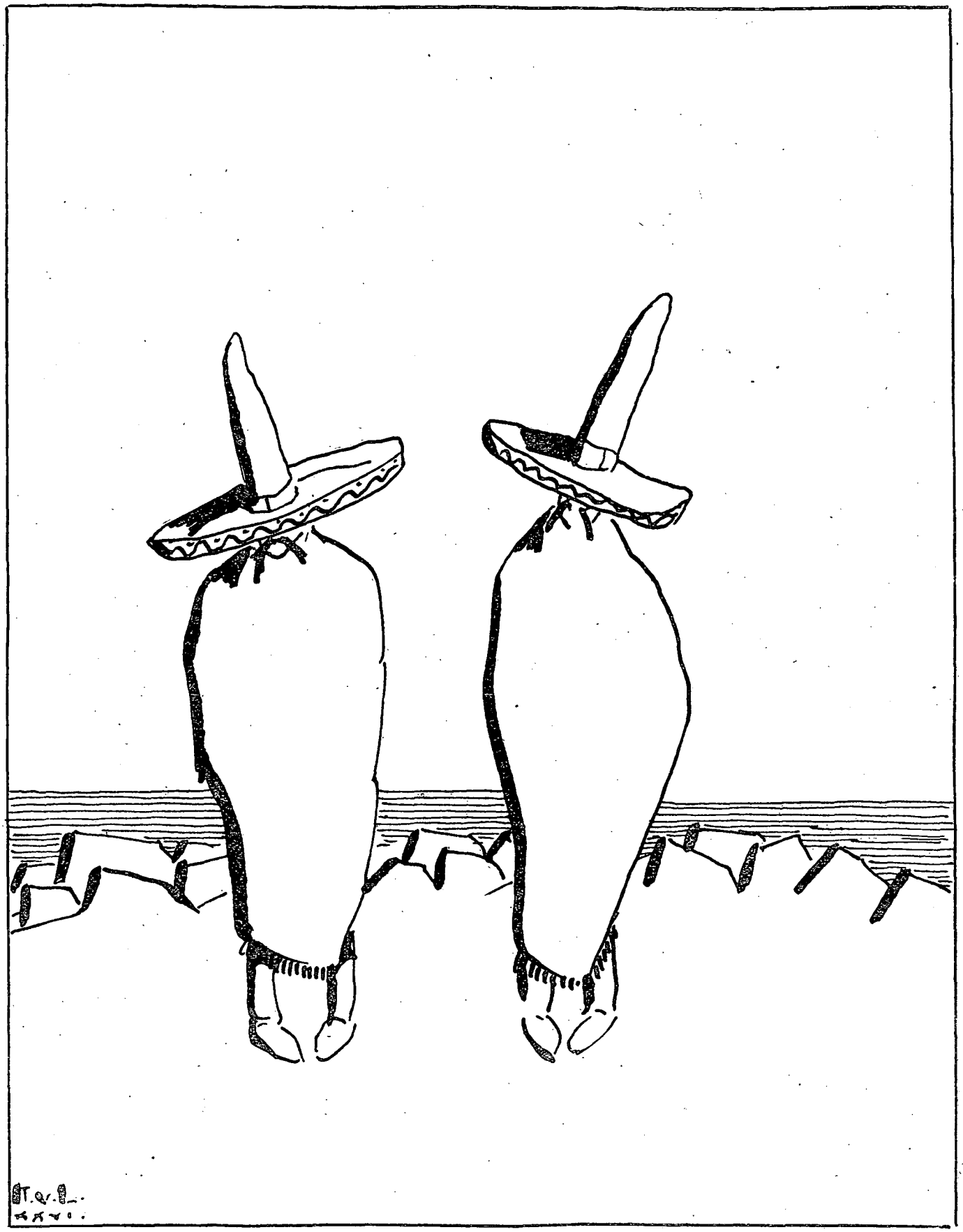

In Mexico

"I see by the papers that there have been 189 murders in the United States in the last two weeks, that five mail carriages have been robbed in plain daylight, that nine million dollars' worth of jewels have been stolen. It is about time our President sent an army across the Rio Grande to reestablish order, eh, Pedro?"

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The Nicaraguan Farce

By CARLETON BEALS

I

FOURTEEN years ago, November 13, 1912, the Nicaraguan press reported that the presidential train had left Managua for Corinto at 6 a. m.—three coaches, the first and third containing American marines, the middle car carrying President Adolfo Diaz, General Emiliano Chamorro, Minister Diego M. Chamorro, and Carlos Cuadra Pasos. The American marines downed the revolution, and kept Diaz as President.

Adolfo Diaz is again President in 1926, and whimpering for American armed protection against the Liberals and against Mexico. If there is a legitimate constitutional President at the present moment (Solorzano, who had been honestly elected, resigned last January under the menace of Emiliano Chamorro's guns, and Chamorro then shot his way into the Presidency) it is Vice-President J. Bautista Sacasa, who led the Liberal revolt against Chamorro early this year, and was exiled under threat of death. Nevertheless, our State Department, according to the Associated Press, brazenly announced that it saw in Diaz's election "an indication that it may be possible to reestablish constitutional government in Nicaragua."

Our State Department had declared Chamorro unconstitutional (per the 1923 Washington treaties), but winked at all shipments of arms to him from American ports and United States marines kept the rebels out of Bluefields, the key Atlantic port; and now, within a few hours of his ascendancy, we have recognized Adolfo Diaz, who had been a lickspittle for Chamorro and American interests for seventeen years. This despite the fact that the 1923 Washington treaties, cut to democratic pattern by Charles E. Hughes and forced down the throats of the Central American republics, provide that no President (or near relative of such President) shall be recognized if he comes into power by armed means.

In 1909 the cocktail was spiced with "revolution . . . ideals . . . majority will . . ." Secretary of State Knox, in his curiously bolshevistic note of 1909, delivered to the Nicaraguan representative in Washington, declared:

> The Government of the United States is convinced that the present revolution represents the ideals and will of the majority of the Nicaraguans more truly than does the Government of President Zelaya.

To clarify the chain of events: In 1909 Nicaragua was ruled by one of those ruthless, malodorous, long-term Central American dictators, José Santos Zelaya. Zelaya proved acceptable to American interests until he negotiated a loan (against our protest) with the European Ethelburga bankers. Then a well-armed and well-financed revolution, headed by Estrada, with General Emiliano Chamorro in charge and Adolfo Diaz close in the offing, proceeded to overthrow Zelaya. Knox announced that Zelaya was violating the 1907 Washington treaties, exercising undue influence in Honduras, and flouting the rights of Costa Rica, Salvador, and Guatemala. So Zelaya had to resign; the Nicaraguan Congress appointed José Madriz in his stead. But the Washington watchword was still "revolution" instead of "constitutionalism." American marines prevented Madriz from recapturing Bluefields, held by the Estrada-Chamorro-Diaz rebels (as has similarly occurred again this year, 1926). The American occupation turned over the customs-houses to the rebels, prevented the regular Government from blockading the port, and permitted rebel boats to fly the American flag. Estrada's revolution had already promised, according to Thomas P. Moffat, American consul at Bluefields, "annulment of all concessions not owned by foreigners." In accordance with a pact imposed by Thomas G. Dawson (expert on Dominican customs control) the new Government was pledged to make Adolfo Diaz the next President and to accept a loan "via the good offices of the United States." This same Diaz, a Bluefields employee of La Luz y Los Angeles Mining Company (American) at $1,000 a year, contributed to the revolution $600,000, which he eventually repaid to himself. General Estrada himself stated "with brutal frankness" that American companies had put up a million dollars, and named some of them.

But the Nicaraguan Congress, after the revolution, proved refractory, attempting to adopt a constitution preventing foreign control through loans. With the approval of our State Department, this Congress was dissolved. New elections provoked popular discontent. Estrada turned the Presidency over to Adolfo Diaz, as per the Dawson agreement. The latter's election was assured by means of an American war-vessel sent into Nicaraguan waters "for moral effect." Followed a series of treaty-loans: 1911, Knox-Castrillo Convention, $15,000,000, turned down three times by our Senate in the face of Taft's insistent urging; 1911, Treasury Bills Agreement, temporary $1,500,000 loan, control of the National Bank goes to New York bankers, an American customs collector is appointed, right to solicit United States Government enforcement provided; 1912, Supplementary Loan, $500,000, customs guaranty, lien on railways which were transferred to a corporation organized in the United States (to this day the railways pay New York State income taxes); 1912, Liberal revolution led by General Mena, protesting against this loan, put down by marines from eight United States war vessels; new elections, polls guarded by United States marines, Adolfo Diaz continued four years longer in power; February, 1916, the Bryan-Chamorro treaty, by which the United States paid Nicaragua $3,000,000 to be applied to her debt and expended as the United States might otherwise designate, in return for trans-isthmian canal rights, ninety-nine year leases of the Great Corn and Little Corn Islands in the Caribbean and of a naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca.

II

The geographical situation of Nicaragua explains many of its past and present difficulties. Central America reaches its greatest width near the southern boundary of Honduras; Nicaragua tapers down again toward Panama and the Canal. Its coast and harbors have strategic importance, and its two large lakes, stretching half across the country and emptying into the Atlantic by the broad San Juan River, provide a sea-level canal almost ready made. This has long led to international contention; it was behind the 1850 Clayton-Bulwer Treaty reserving joint rights to England and the United States, and the machinations which

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in 1916 gave the United States exclusive rights at the moral and physical price already tabulated. The Great and Little Corn Islands, of remote importance for Panama, are indispensable for the protection of the Nicaraguan route. Also strategically important is the Gulf of Fonseca, the Pacific hub of the whole Central American wheel—politically, commercially, militarily.

On a sizzling day of last June I crossed the Gulf of Fonseca in a launch—mile after mile of glistening calm water surrounded by virginal forests and jagged purple mountains, and dotted with islands, one of the magnificent harbors of the world, beautiful as San Francisco, Guaymas, or Naples, with room for the combined navies of all the Powers. Beyond La Union in El Salvador towers the cone of Conchagua at the harbor entrance, a peak which E. G. Squier, American Minister to Honduras, climbed back in 1850 when there was no scientific map in existence, to satisfy himself, by the open vista he thus gained, that a trans-oceanic railway was feasible. The Gulf of Fonseca is one of the choice fruits of empire.

For these and other reasons Nicaragua, one of the cross-roads of the New World, has been, since the earliest times, the scene of bitter conflict. And because of Nicaragua's proximity to Panama, because of its potential waterway, because of the key positions of the Gulf of Fonseca and of the Great and Little Corn Islands, the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty was put across with the help of the hireling government of Adolfo Diaz, held in power by American marines. Greater than the rights of Nicaragua in the Gulf of Fonseca are those of Honduras and Salvador, both of which vigorously protested the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, claiming that it violated their own rights and the 1907 treaties. The matter was carried to the Central American Court of Justice (a pro-peace body created by the United States Government), which ruled against the treaty—a decision which both the United States and Nicaragua ignored. The court was thus smashed.

Followed more treaties and loans: 1918, High Commission of the Republic of Nicaragua (one Nicaraguan, two Americans) to supervise expenditures; 1920, the Brown-Seligman $9,000,000 loan; 1921, a revolt against this loan, put down by guns and ammunition supplied from the United States; 1921-1922, repeated clashes between Nicaraguans and American marines; 1924, the coalition Liberal-Conservative Government of Solorzano and Sacasa, and the beginning of financial emancipation; 1925, American marines withdrawn, but the Nicaraguan forces placed under the unitary command of American officers; October, 1925, *cuartelazo* by Emiliano Chamorro against the too-liberal Solorzano; January, 1926, Chamorro assumes the Presidency, exiles Sacasa; then, the Liberal revolt under Sacasa and the futile Conservative-Liberal parleys on the U. S. S. Denver, presided over by the American Minister.

III

Enter Mexico. Mexico has been seeking the leadership of Central America—through careful selection of diplomatic representatives, gifts of airplanes, libraries, wireless stations, scholarships; the sending of labor organizers, theatrical troupes, lecturers; the promotion of international sport and literary and cultural unions; the arranging of special tours to Mexico City; newspaper subsidies and a semi-official news service, "Ariel"; improving communications, rail, cable, wireless, subsidized steamships, and cooperating in mutual difficulties such as the locust plague; offers of financial assistance and the active support of friendly Liberal governments. This is part of a large program of cultural rapprochement, a move toward the unification of the entire Latin-American cultural race-bloc, a move of which Mexico temporarily, perhaps permanently, is the spokesman, the prime mover, and the leader. To such unification and to governments friendly to Mexico the United States, for obvious reasons, is opposed.

There is plenty of evidence that Mexico, in the case of Nicaragua, has not been content to play a merely passive role, but has followed the American tactic of financial and material assistance to the side that it favors. Mexico was exceedingly friendly to the Solorzano-Sacasa Government; I have heard Mexican officials boast: "We put it into power." Mexico desires to see the Liberal constitutional regime reestablished under Sacasa. Expeditions from both coasts of Mexico have landed arms and munitions in Nicaragua. American aviators in the pay of Chamorro bombarded such shipments. (Incidentally, they were not threatened by our State Department with loss of citizenship, as were similar adventurers in Morocco.)

Chamorro, aware of these Mexican activities, sent a protest to the League of Nations. Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary of the League, transmitted the communication to Mexico. Sacasa protested to the League against such unwarranted recognition of the Chamorro dictatorship, citing violation of the 1923 Washington treaties (which have since proved his undoing), and denying Mexican aid.

A clever move, this, on the part of Chamorro, nor displeasing to Washington. It made it possible to flaunt the Monroe Doctrine, emphasize our sacred right to control the Western Hemisphere, and to settle Nicaragua's internal affairs promptly. The United States press blared that Mexico was carrying communism to Nicaragua and Central America and overthrowing popular government, that with Sacasa's aid it planned to set up Liberal (alias Labor, alias Communist) governments all the way to Panama, thus thwarting the sacred will of the people.

IV

Sacasa, even with Mexican aid, is more "constitutional" than American-propped Diaz, yet he, in turn, is dyed with the traditional Nicaraguan governing practices. Central American governments are still patterned after the old Spanish vice-regal regimes; they are still, in spirit, colonial fiefs, ruled by a number of bitterly contentious, semi-Creole families, whose heads are alternately in power or in exile, fighting to grab the lion's share of the spoils. In the last century one faction has gained its support by catering to American imperial interests, the other by catering to the growing nationalist, racial, and anti-clerical sentiments.

One can hardly blame the bankers for wanting guaranties for loans to these belated *condottieri;* one *can* accuse them of playing in cahoots with such *condottieri* with callous indifference toward popular and national needs; one *can* charge them with manipulation of our State Department. The treaty-loan system, as at present invoked, continues a vicious semi-feudal type of irresponsible government over peoples too weak to protest, peoples which under the most favorable circumstances would find the road to democratic expression thorny with difficulties. It corrupts governments, raises up unscrupulous dictators and demagogues, creates intolerable popular burdens, brings about protective raids on our own Treasury, and, for the sake of a few financial groups, jeopardizes our cordial relations with the entire Latin-American world.

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These Modern Women

Mother's Daughter

ANONYMOUS

A METHODIST preacher smote the cheek of his presiding elder several years before I was born. After that my father's preaching terminated abruptly.

It was about my mother's right to be herself. The Methodist brethren wanted to force my mother into the Methodist church, an intimidation to which my father would not or could not be a party.

They met about 1870 when she was 18 and he was 29. She was teaching, and had been teaching for four years, in a little town near the mouth of the Ohio River. He came from a nearby State to teach in the same school. Girls usually married early in those days, when they had a chance, but my mother temporized about marriage for five years, teaching all the while. She married at 23, and continued to teach. Wherever the church sent my father, she taught. She was not a Methodist, but they worked together constantly; she went with him into the work of church and schoolroom, into his Sunday schools, into his mission. She may have helped him with his sermons. But she did not join his church.

Eventually they found themselves in a rabidly intolerant Southern Methodist community. Here my mother was baited and harassed because of her adherence to her good old Baptist faith. Then, too, children came, and it was doubtless embarrassing to the Methodist brethren to have their own minister's babies crawl around unsprinkled and to have their own minister's wife avoid partaking of the Methodist communion. One thing led to another and to the final break. Of course father might have asserted himself more. He might have slapped his wife rather than his presiding elder and thus held on to his frock. He did none of these things.

So Methodist and Baptist they remained, but outside of the ministry. They were Democrats, too, and consistent in a moderate Southernism. He was the son of a slaveholding planter who had lost everything in the war. She was from "immigrant" non-slaveholding stock, with little to lose. We were poor. Life was a struggle and religion a comfort. My parents believed in God, of course—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—and in the Resurrection Day. Nevertheless, during the six years I knew my father, I heard him swear occasionally. He indulged in tobacco, and now and then a toddy. My mother tried to teach me the steps of the dances of her girlhood. She and my father had attended opera in New Orleans. I heard him say I might become an opera singer if I held my lung-power—perhaps a Jenny Lind. One of my brothers was permitted to have a deck of cards. Checkers and parchesi and dominoes were not denied us—even on Sunday. A collection of Arabian Nights tales was in our book-case and I read it early and had the stories told me at an even more tender age. There were also Shakespeare, Carlyle, Tom Paine, Victor Hugo, and George Eliot—who, my mother told me, "was really a woman named Mary Ann Evans."

My mother drew few distinctions between her boys and girls. I have seen my brothers sweep, wipe dishes, and even cook. I had four brothers, three older and one younger. The attitude of my older brothers was friendly rather than merely protective. I followed them around, but not everywhere—not to school nor to "town" nor hunting nor fishing. But I was permitted to "help" load shells, dig worms, and make kites. I imitated them and was applauded. I learned to turn somersaults, "skin the cat," and stand on my head. I knew these things were not for public exhibition, but I do not remember who told me so or what reasons were given. By the time I was nine or ten years old I had developed into something of a tomboy. Then one of my brothers died and the other two went away.

My younger brother was frail, sensitive, and imaginative. As he was almost four years younger and not as strong and healthy as I was, my relations with him were almost the reverse of my relations with my older brothers. So I was not subdued. Perhaps I was trying to be to him what they had been to me. I became even more tomboyish and finally assumed an active physical superiority over my younger brother and over my sister, who was bookish. If they excelled me in some things, I knew where I could excel. I ran, jumped, climbed, and, not infrequently, fought.

The town in which we lived was new and on a new railroad. My father surveyed the site, but the town straggled along rather whimsically without regard to his plans. Our house stood near the center—on my father's map; but, as a matter of fact, it stood in the twilight zone between the main town and the Negro settlement known as "Jaybird." What had been planned as the street in front of the house became a yellow line of mud or dust with a plank walk on one side, leading to the road which was the beginning of Main Street. So, while a part of the town, we were isolated. If I sought playmates outside of my family I usually had to go across town to them or induce them to come across town to me. I played with both boys and girls. One of my playmates was the grandson of a neighbor. I did not realize that he was stupid as long as we were just playing. When I saw him at school I became ashamed of him, because he could not learn. So much of my study had been done at home that I had had little opportunity to make comparisons, but at school I looked about me, at playmates, classmates, and then at my books. I discovered that there were degrees of intelligence lower than my own. The tomboy began to recede and the star-pupil to emerge.

After my older brothers left home most of the out-of-door chores fell to me. I brought in the wood and coal, carried water from the well, cut the kindling, made the fires, and ran errands. I also learned to cook such simple food as we had. I went barefoot through the hot months. My mother had rather large feet and wore shoes to fit them. She talked about the foolishness of women who bound their feet and waists. She wore corsets occasionally, but she often tried to avoid them by sewing stays into her basques. She was slender. When I grew to the corset age she ordered a "corset waist." I wore it loose—and I was then fat. I have never classed my mother as a feminist, but I suspect she was one. Life would have made her one in the end if she had not been in the beginning. After my father's

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death she faced the necessity of supporting a large family —six of us—in a town of less than a thousand population. She taught and gave music lessons—"piano and voice." She sent local items to newspapers in nearby cities. She peddled pianos and sometimes books. Between these activities she supervised our studies, our reading, our behavior, our work; nursed her neighbors, laid out their dead, helped their children with their school essays, and was kind to the Negroes who lived in the little huts nearby. When the children of these Negroes showed a craving for "book-larnin'" as they sometimes did, she taught them. In her narrow, almost primitive field, she held her position as an unusual, if sometimes a troublesome, woman—always tolerated and sometimes acclaimed.

I am sure that there were times when my mother did not know whence the next week's food would come. One can understand how this struggle would have affected her attitude toward her daughters, even if her previous life had not shown her aversion to dependency. She fed our ambitions. She would have wanted us to go to college and to get degrees had she lived and been able to manage. A normal school was established in our town and people came to it from the swamps around and the farther hills. It was run by the Campbellites—calling themselves "Christians." Each year this school held debates on the relative mental equipment of men and women. The debates usually lasted for a week and practically the whole student body took part. I managed to get into them in some way, if only by trying to help the other girls meet the onslaught of historical data. No feminist literature was available. We got our nitrogen out of the air.

I do not remember that I was a conscious feminist until long after my mother's death. As a child and a girl I simply lived as an individual with little knowledge of the world and its poison of sex-antagonism. I left school at fourteen, because of my mother's illness. When she died I had hardly emerged from childhood, and girlhood was all but dissolved in the emotional reaction from her death and the necessity that drove me forth. I went to work very soon, in order that I might eat. This much the world was willing that I do—if not too heartily or too fastidiously.

In the South innumerable families were in economic distress; and, underneath the social traditions, there was an almost clannish effort to regain economic power without sacrificing pride or prestige in the struggle. Women had their part to play in the scheme. "Ladies" went to work—at home if they could, or at "genteel" work on the outside. One might be pitied, but if one "belonged" one could join the ranks of genteel workers temporarily without suffering social stigma. Meanwhile the conventional feminine tradition remained undisturbed. This social-psychological phenomenon belonged to the early transition period, although it still hangs on here and there. One met it only where one was known. As time went on and the straitened ones got back on their economic feet, there was a change, a reaction. Lines were again drawn taut.

My childhood was not such as to give me a snob's viewpoint. I had always understood that if I went to a certain distant county where my grandfather had worked his slaves, I would "belong." But I did not go, except to visit. And I ignored the "genteel" limitations that would have preserved my status as a "lady." I studied stenography. For two years I worked with a company that manufactured articles of iron and steel and wood. There were machine shops, foundries, a carpenter's shop, and a place where pneumatic tools were turned against rivets. I wrote specifications—long lists of strange words. I studied catalogues to try to see what the words meant. I begged the foremen to take me through the shops. My interest was a nuisance and treated as such, although the interest of the office boy was encouraged as a laudable ambition to "learn the business." I was not there to learn the business but to type things. I asked my employer if he thought it would help me to take a correspondence course in mechanical engineering. He gave me a fatherly lecture on woman's sphere in life, her place in the business world.

I pointed my pencil toward the courthouse and became a "crack" court reporter. I was flattered by my lawyer friends as the wonder of the verbatim-shorthand world. I saved them a lot of work. But when I began to talk of studying law, they called me impractical and visionary. It was about time I was getting married, anyhow. I observed that young men were encouraged to "read." They were taken into offices, into the trial of cases, sponsored, even fed, sometimes, by the older members of the bar; and the banks would extend them credit while they were struggling. I had one friend more sympathetic than others, a judge who put his hand on the political wheel and turned it in my favor. He said to me: "Senator So-and-So says I can name his secretary and I am going to suggest you, so you can go to Washington and maybe find time to study law." The next day he came back. "They just would not stand for a woman; I could not make them see it." It was years before I studied law, years before I got to Washington, years before I saw a Senator's office. It wasn't much to see, when I reached there.

During my twelve years as a court reporter I saw many aspects of life that provided good training for a feminist. I heard some of the worst sex abnormalities defined and described; I heard dramatic stories of frustrations and misunderstandings. I saw the results in human terms of the legal disabilities of women. I turned to reading and encountered Ibsen, Shelley—and whom else? I remember a book by Bouck White, "The Call of the Carpenter," a revolutionary-Christian-feminist document—if one be in the mood to take the whole dose. I was in the mood at that time. Then one day I fell into an argument about suffrage. I found that almost unaware I had committed myself. I became a suffragist, an active one, finally a militant one. As I plunged deeper in the suffrage fight, I had to marshal all my defenses. Prejudices were strong. I fared better than some of my associates by virtue of the strength gained from my single-handed grappling with life. Men would sometimes say, "If all women were like you," and I had to learn to dismiss the flattery.

I have not married. I have had my chances—one of the first being a station agent who insisted on "giving me a home." I suspected that he needed assistance in checking freight bills at the depot. I have also had my disappointments—one especially. He is still singing in the choir and is president of a Kiwanis Club. Without regard to my register of eligibles, I believe I could not now be induced to enter into the present legal status of marriage. Perhaps the day will come when I shall make my peace with the conventions, submit to the law through a justice of the peace or even a bishop, and get married. I doubt it. Marriage is too much of a compromise; it lops off a woman's life as an individual. Yet the renunciation too is a lopping off. We choose between the frying-pan and the fire—both very uncomfortable.

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The Nationalists Take Wuchang

By ANNA ROCHESTER

Wuchang, China, October 24

WUCHANG is wearing a festal air. On October 10, the fifteenth anniversary of the Chinese Republic, the forty-day siege was broken. But there is much more than relief from hunger and terror in the air today. The Kuomintang [Nationalist Party] administration is giving the people a fresh and invigorating experience. Even critical foreigners who expect little from Chinese are admitting that a new era seems to have begun.

The siege was no child's play for either Chinese or foreigners within the city. The day it was broken, the Merchants Guild placarded the streets with posters, "Tear down the city walls or we close our shops." And as soon as they can decide on the best disposition of the bricks in the wall—which are too large for the usual style of building—the walls of Wuchang will come down.

Food had run short. One of our foreign friends who shared in the siege told of seeing an educated Chinese pay forty *cash* for one raisin. Dog meat is not a usual part of the Chinese diet, but all the dogs which usually clutter the streets of Wuchang were eaten during the siege. Even the foreigners with their storerooms of beans, macaroni, and canned goods had used up their supplies and showed the marks of hunger when we came to Wuchang a week after the opening of the city.

Chinese and foreigners wrestled hopelessly with the problem of cleanliness. Wuchang still depends on the daily carrying of human offal in buckets from the city to the fields outside. Cholera developed; flies multiplied. It is only extraordinary that the epidemic did not get beyond control; how many cases there were no one knows. All the foreigners, at least, escaped it.

The moment the siege was lifted, the Chinese Red Cross of Hankow came across the river; foreign doctors told us enthusiastically about their effective work. It was the Red Cross and other Chinese benevolent organizations which, during the siege, transported 60,000 women and children from Wuchang to Hankow and Hanyang. Two or three leading missionaries helped in the negotiations which finally, on several successive mornings, opened the gates and cleared the river for refugees; but the work was carried out entirely by Chinese organizations. One foreign eyewitness told us with a rather surprised appreciation that official families and the well-to-do were conspicuously absent from the crowds which escaped. The blind and the beggars led the procession; then, day after day, it was women and children first. Twice the crowd became a mob beyond control, and men pushed and trampled ruthlessly; but considering the total numbers handled the casualties were few. No foreign women who could be of service and no foreign men left their posts within the city.

In the revolution of 1911 Wuchang was one great center of conflict, and most of the time since then the city has suffered much from undisciplined soldiers. Civil freedom has been unknown. The Kuomintang had been at work here underground, and the students and a handful of others were enthusiastic about the approach of the Southern Army. But most of the people feared that the inrush of victorious soldiers would mean a fresh onslaught of looting and terror. During the siege the private looting by the Northern soldiers within the city did more serious damage to property and gave the people far more concern than the shelling which the attacking army aimed at forts and barracks and generals' headquarters.

When the peace negotiations were completed—again with the help of an American bishop who, with a Chinese leader of the Merchants' Guild, was let down over the wall by a rope—the Northern soldiers rushed out and, after a brief interval, a small orderly troop of Southerners marched in. Once the Southern army was in full control, the pressure of years was released. The soldiers walked about unarmed, paying good money for purchases at the shops. An officer crossing the river on the public launch fell into talk with an American missionary. He asked the American what the fare was on the boats and was getting out his coppers to pay. The boatman said that soldiers never paid and refused to take the money. The officer explained that they had the strictest orders to take nothing without payment. Those who had witnessed the behavior of the Northern troops in Wuchang—or in Peking—considered this of revolutionary significance.

The city was immediately placarded with posters. A few had pictures obvious to the illiterate. A few were virtually leaflets in poster form. Most of them were short sentences in large clear Chinese character: "Do not fear death; love the nation. Do not love money; love the people." "Abolish the evil that oppresses women—unequal evil institutions." "Severely forbid opium." "Reform the city government." "Women should have the right to inherit property." "Forbid betrothal and marriage of small boys and young girls. Abolish barter in marriage." "Earnestly practice education in Kuomintang culture and principles." "The people should vigorously protect the new constructive government of Hupeh." "Punish those who are near to the enemy." "Get revenge for fellow-countrymen killed in Wanhsien." "Wipe out anti-revolutionists."

Sun Yat-sen's last book, the "San Min Chu I," or the "Three People's Principles," is the Bible of the army. One wounded Southern soldier—not an officer—was being tended by an American nurse; when the dressings were finished he pulled out his copy of the "San Min Chu I" to see what a victorious soldier in a new city was supposed to do! Of course the volume is not a manual of behavior but an exposition in terms of China's needs today of the three great words of the French Revolution: Min Ts'eo: the people's nation, equality of races; Min Ts'uan: the people's power, or democracy and freedom; Min Sen: the people's life, including industrial justice.

Almost immediately the new administration ordered that all schools within the city and outside the walls which had been commandeered for troops of either side should be cleared and prepared for use. So far they are showing friendliness to the American mission schools, provided they introduce the salute to Sun Yat-sen and the weekly reading of his last will and testament. The one tax levied thus far is directed at the owners of land or buildings. The army has collected a month's rent from all tenants with the understanding that the landlord must accept the army's receipt

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in lieu of the tenant's next monthly payment to him. The army is now evaluating the property occupied by owners and is demanding from such owners the equivalent of one month's rent.

For the immediate future of the Kuomintang and for the future of China the possession of Wuchang, Hankow, and Hanyang by the Southern forces is immensely important. Through it they control the strategical center of China: the head of navigation for ocean-going steamers on the Yangtze, the gateway for smaller steamers to the interior, the southern terminus of the Peking-Hankow railway line and the northern terminus of the partly completed Wuchang-Canton lines. The biggest iron and steel works in China are at Hanyang and Hankow, and the fighting south of the Yangtze and east of Wuchang, which still continues as I write, involves control of the Tayeh iron mines and the Pinksiang coal mines, the largest in central China.

Labor organization is now brought into the greatest inland industrial center of China. The quiet pioneering which had been continuing under the surface since Wu Pei-fu executed labor leaders en masse four years ago now comes out into the open. The six thousand organized ricksha coolies of Hankow held a great demonstration two weeks ago, parading and for one day refusing to pull. The cotton-mill workers in Wuchang have registered a claim for wages during the forty days of the siege when the mills (all outside the city walls) were of necessity closed. Within the Kuomintang a conflict of policy has already developed in the Wu-han cities between the Communist and the non-Communist labor leaders. At present the Communist labor leaders seem to be in favor with the administration, but there is opposition and shifts in policy may well occur.

The immediate future of the Kuomintang is beset with perils. The army is far from its home base, and continuing good-will of the people in the new provinces and cities is vitally necessary to any permanent stability. With the victorious advance of the Southerners military chieftains who care nothing about the principles of the Kuomintang have insisted on lining themselves up with what appears to be the winning side. The People's Revolutionary Army may end by wishing to be delivered from its friends.

Again, will the well-to-do responsible Chinese of the Wu-han cities be content with the Kuomintang? At present they are ready to give it a chance to show what it can do. As a leading Chinese attorney of Hankow put it: "This is the first time we have had a party in this province which seems to be seriously concerned with principles and good government. And we certainly agree with their stand against unequal treaties." But this same attorney told me his view of the British-American tobacco strike last spring. It is a very real question whether the common ground which this gentleman and hundreds of other Chinese business men now share with the Kuomintang will hold firm as the implications of pro-labor party, whether Communist or otherwise, are worked out by that party.

Meanwhile the big guns on Hanyang hill are silently trained on the British concession in Hankow, and thirteen gunboats of the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy line the shores of the foreign settlements. The anti-imperialist demands of the Kuomintang are somewhat in abeyance while their civil war continues. But as soon as the military position of the Southern Government is strengthened, they tell us frankly that their demand for abrogation of the unequal treaties will be set forth as an ultimatum to the Powers.

Four more

Nation Dinners

If you missed hearing the debate between Clarence Darrow and Major Wright on Prohibition Enforcement, we offer our condolences and at the same time urge you to make reservations now for the dinners which remain.

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January 11

"CENSOR THE STAGE?"

Elisabeth Marbury, Joseph Wood Krutch
Frank Gillmore
Executive Secretary, The Actors' Equity Association

Chairman: Lewis S. Gannett, *Associate Editor,* The Nation

February 15

"MEN—WHAT OF 'EM?"

Ruth Hale, Lorine Pruette

Chairman: Freda Kirchwey, *Managing Editor,* The Nation

March 8

Songs and Dances by
American Indians
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"THE ART OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN"

Chairman: Mark Van Doren, *Literary Editor,* The Nation

April 12

"WHO IS CALVIN COOLIDGE?"

Frank R. Kent, William Hard

Chairman: Oswald Garrison Villard, *Editor,* The Nation

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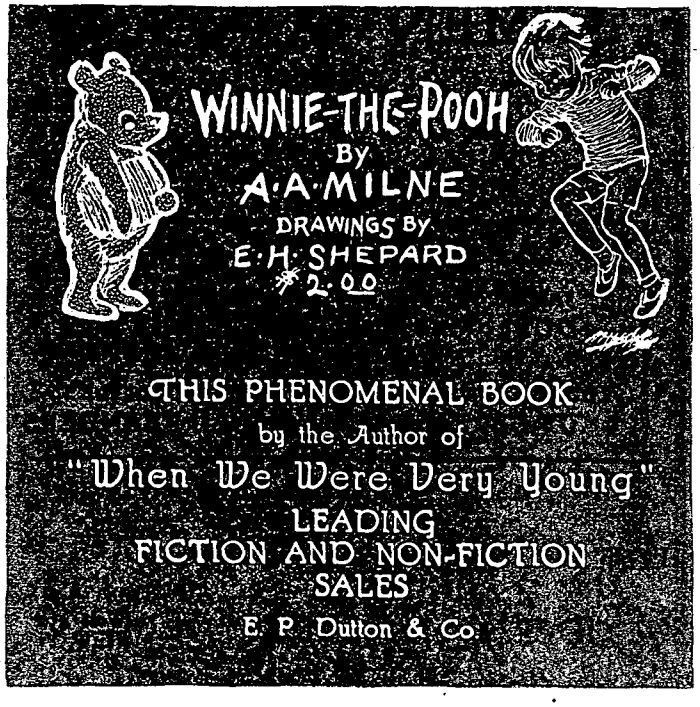

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In the Driftway

LEST readers miss the delightful controversy that has been going on in the correspondence columns of the New York *World* in regard to seagoing cows, the Drifter brings it to their attention. The correspondence began with a letter signed "(Miss) P. Chattahoochee Fink, Secretary, International Dry Travel League," in which the writer protested because instead of traveling on American steamships officials of the United States Government chose foreign vessels "with their bars and cigarette-smoking, cocktail-drinking men and women and sometimes almost children, so far as age and appearance go." The writer continued:

> It was only the other day that I asked a prominent government official whom I happened to meet one evening in the home of a dear friend why he went to Europe and back this summer on an English vessel instead of sailing under the glorious Star Spangled Banner which paid him his salary, and he told me that it was on account of the milk, he being on a milk diet, or partly so, by doctor's orders. All of the ocean ships, he said, excepting the American ones, had live cows on them to supply fresh milk three times daily, for, as he explained, they have to milk them three times every day instead of twice, because cows produce milk more rapidly on the water than on land. It seemed strange to me that the foreign ships should do this and the Americans not, until I was told by a sailor of whom I made inquiries that it was because several of the sailors on the American ships had been hooked by the cows, so they thought it best to get rid of them to avoid accident. Surely, Mr. Editor, that dilemma could be evaded by using hornless cows, and I am surprised that the managers of our boats have not thought of it.

* * * * *

SOMEBODY had been spoofing the writer, it would seem, or else she was trifling with the readers of the *World*. Several of them were curious enough to make investigations, and one reported that an official of the Cunard Line had told him: "Boats nowadays keep all supplies fresh and palatable by properly regulated refrigeration." A representative of the White Star Line had said: "Boats haven't carried cows in fifty years; not since the days of the side-wheeler."

* * * * *

BUT the marine cow is not to be disposed of so easily. She still exists elsewhere than in history or aquariums. It is true that she no longer grazes along the North Atlantic lanes between the United States and Europe, and English steamships on all routes probably threw their last cows overboard many years ago. Milk, when properly pasteurized and carried in a refrigerator, keeps from three to four weeks. Even so, Italian and French steamships on South American runs or other routes where it is difficult to obtain dependable supplies not only often carry cows for milk but also live cattle and other animals sufficient to assure their passengers a diet of fresh meat. This is in deference to the general objection of the Latin peoples of Europe or elsewhere to frozen or chilled meat and their insistence, ashore or afloat, on fresh-killed products. Not only marine cows but seagoing sheep and chickens still ship before the mast.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

More Work for Cal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: L. H. J.'s suggestion that we readers of *The Nation* contribute to a campaign fund to boom Mr. Coolidge for Mayor of Northampton in 1928 is unnecessary. Mr. Coolidge at present is not only President of the United States; he is also Honorary President of the Boy Scouts of America. He can retain that office, and I believe the citizens of Northampton will prefer to have him continue with the Scouts.

Brooklyn, November 22 D. G. B.

Speak Up!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For four or five years there has been general discussion in the press of the United States as to the success or failure of that form of government now in vogue in Russia. Recently, many articles have appeared strongly pro-Soviet in character. Why not put to the test the sincerity of those who advocate the Russian regime? Is any reader of *The Nation* willing to renounce citizenship in our "capitalistic state," go to Russia, and reside there permanently? Replies may be sent to

Andover, Mass., November 25 W. K. MOOREHEAD

Solving the Slums

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many scoffers deride the plan recently presented by Mr. August Heckscher.

As an object-lesson of what Mr. Heckscher is trying to abolish I suggest that in each case where a criminal is arrested there be published, instead of his revolver, sweetheart, or captor, a picture of the room in the tenement in which he was born.

This may go a long way toward convincing the doubtful that the Heckscher scheme is in reality an investment in futures.

New York, December 1 W. FREDERICK SUENDER

Max Eastman and Mr. Ochs's Money

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I have space in your columns to tell my political friends in America that the money paid by the New York *Times* and other papers for my article quoting Lenin's testament was not appropriated by me? It was expended by well-known Communists in the interest of the movement.

Antibes, France, November 16 MAX EASTMAN

Don't Kiss! Don't Shake! Don't Breathe!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your comment on the hygienists' prohibition-spirit and meddling-complex as regards kissing and handshaking is very timely, as there are so many people with colds these days. There is no doubt that a person with a cold can by ordinary breathing infect Petri culture-dishes several feet away; much more dangerous is the possibility of people breathing his germs when he is speaking to them.

A logical extension of our fix-it friends' principles leads us to the conclusion that the only thing to do is to stop breathing. At least everyone ought to wear a gas mask, and communicate with others by a telephonic hearing device.

New York, December 1 J. L. MORRISON

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Books and Plays

Copyreader

By TED OLSON

This, then, had been his destiny from birth—
To desiccate life's pageant to a phrase—
Pity and terror, hunger, madness, mirth
Congealed in "Man Shoots Five in Murder Craze."
He'd written poems once. He wrote no more.
His wits had chilled in stereotypes too long
To kindle now one glittering metaphor.
His pulse kept time to headlines, not to song.
It was a sorry business, none knew better,
And there were moments he was more than half
Persuaded to shrug loose the ultimate fetter . . . .
Save that he knew too well his epitaph,
And somehow could not stomach quite the crass
Brutality of "Scribe Ends Life with Gas."

First Glance

WE have had a good many books about Walt Whitman since Whitman himself wrote half of the first one. There have been four within the past few months, and undoubtedly many are yet to come. What is to be learned from the best possible volume upon the subject? I am interested in the question not only because I am interested in good biography and criticism but also because I once seriously considered a request that I too write a book about Whitman. Among other things I sought then a definition of the perfect Whitman book—perfect, at any rate, for this day. And I was particularly careful to enumerate the things which the author should not attempt to do, either because they had been done once for all or because they cannot be done. The number of these things grew so large that I decided to let "Leaves of Grass" alone. Perhaps it is the perfect Whitman book.

One of the things that do not need to be accomplished again is the defense of Whitman's right to say what he liked in the manner he liked. That he died and that his book lived is sufficient proof that nothing more needs to be said there. William Sloane Kennedy, who writes the history of the controversy in "The Fight of a Book for the World" (West Yarmouth, Massachusetts: The Stonecroft Press: $2.50), lessens his usefulness to other historians by getting excited. The result of his excitement—in itself, it may be, a chivalrous and excellent thing—is a great lack of order in the presentation of his material, and hence a decided failure on the part of this material to take effect. There is a great deal of it, since Mr. Kennedy, once a correspondent of Whitman's, has long been a collector of opinions for and against him, and has long studied "Leaves of Grass" with an absolute devotion. But the material lies here in most hopeless confusion, and furthermore the book is rendered ridiculous by Mr. Kennedy's perpetual jealous fear lest any possible reader in the world still be indifferent to the hero of Brooklyn and Camden.

One of the things that, in my opinion, may never be accomplished is the biography of Whitman—so long, at any rate, as biography means more than "facts." Mr. Emory Holloway, who has made himself the authority where facts are concerned, by a familiar irony proves in his "Whitman: An Interpretation in Narrative" (Knopf: $5) just how feeble all facts are when the problem arises of explaining a poet. Mr. Holloway remarks that he was able to put into his large volume only a portion of the information of which he is master. But more would have been worse; these things do not matter. The only fact about Whitman about which I can work up any curiosity is the fact of his suddenly breaking loose in the early fifties and achieving the freedom—if it was freedom—which found expression in "Leaves of Grass." I say it may not have been freedom; it may have been a sudden consciousness that he was bound or that America was bound. The question which of these was the case might be the subject of a book about Whitman, and a convincing answer might make literary history. Mr. Holloway goes only a little way in this direction. He knows, as all must know, that "something ineffable" happened to Whitman once, and he properly emphasizes the significance of the fact that Whitman read Emerson. But he obviously is not the man to explore the riddle of great poetry. He has performed an important if negative service by establishing the limits of Whitman's interest to the biographer. Now for the great poetry and for an answer to the question whence it came.

MARK VAN DOREN

Toward America Sober

Prohibition at Its Worst. By Irving Fisher. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Prohibition in the United States. By D. Leigh Colvin. George H. Doran Company. $5.

IT is a pity that men's beliefs about prohibition are not based on evidence rather than on prejudice and personal habit; but facts actually count for little. The campaign goes forward on the basis of vociferation, and as the wets control the chief organs of vociferation in the effete East and the main centers of population beyond the Alleghanies, it is reasonable to expect the prohibition crime wave to continue to mount so long as the alcoholic lamp holds out to burn. None the less, reasonable persons, wet and dry alike, will be grateful for Professor Fisher's facts, whether or not they are able to accept all of his inferences. Professor Fisher is a convinced prohibitionist, but he became such against his will, on the basis of a long study of the alcohol question. Like many of the rest of us, he believes that national prohibition came too soon, before the East was ready for it, and that in consequence the first five years have been "prohibition at its worst."

What are the facts? No one questions that arrests for drunkenness decreased greatly under war-time restrictions, reached a low point in 1920, the first year of national prohibition, and have increased since. How great the changes have been, and what they mean, are the questions at issue. Mr. Stanley Shirk, research director of the Moderation League, declares the increase so great "that drunkenness just about reached the level of the old saloon years by 1924." Professor Fisher demolishes this widely heralded assertion, shows clearly a substantial lessening in the arrests for drunkenness, and on the basis of increased police severity in arresting for drunkenness, estimates that even in 1924 actual cases of drunkenness (as opposed to arrests) per thousand population were probably less than half the pre-prohibition figures. Professor Willcox, one of our most competent statistical authorities, criticizes the method used in reaching this conclusion, however, a method which masks the statistical effect produced by the increase in arrests for drunkenness since 1920. No cautious student, certainly, is going

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to be dogmatic about the exact reduction; but when the tumult and the shouting dies, the sober fact emerges that there is now far less drunkenness than there was in saloon days. Professor Fisher concludes that beverage consumption of alcohol is certainly less than 16 per cent of pre-prohibition consumption, probably less than 10 per cent, and possibly less than 5 per cent.

Professor Fisher figures the economic gain of prohibition at not less than six billions, a tenth of our national income. Most of us who talk with industrialists will be likely to guess that this guess is low rather than high. His figures and charts show juvenile delinquency in New York cut in half, arrests for assault and battery reduced by three-fifths, those for profanity by four-fifths, and for keeping disorderly houses all but wiped out. They show the percentage of first admissions to insane hospitals in Connecticut that is due to alcohol lessened by more than half, and in the formerly wet States generally by a third, deaths from cirrhosis of the liver in New York and Connecticut cut almost in two, deaths from alcoholism everywhere greatly reduced; but again they show an increase in nearly all these figures since 1920. Poor enforcement? Maybe; but if Americans by nature prefer to go to hell poor and drunk rather than to heaven rich and sober, all the statistics of the economic and social gains of prohibition (even if certified 99.44 per cent pure) are unlikely to change their tastes.

Just here is the battle joined. The Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed. Despite the November referendums in the wet States, by every political test the country is dry. What then? Enforcement or nullification, for the latter is what "modification" really means. There has always been a vast amount of lawlessness in the liquor trade, because a lawless liquor trade is vastly profitable. Lawlessness would scarcely be lessened even if half a dozen wet States were allowed by some legal hocus-pocus to nullify the amendment. Some of us are prohibitionists unwillingly, because we hate compulsion. Yet we are driven to go with Professor Fisher in concluding that we have no choice but an earnest attempt at enforcement and education. We believe that enforcement is improving, and that successful enforcement is possible, notwithstanding the present clamor. The question is not one of personalities; yet some of us believe that if we had a statesman instead of a graven image for president, a public-minded financier instead of an ex-distiller for secretary of the treasury, and a live lawyer instead of an American antique for attorney general, the present enforcement could be vastly improved in the course of twelve months, seeing that the overwhelming majority in Congress dare not for their political life do other than vote dry at every chance. We believe it a time to stand our ground bravely, and we welcome as doughty a champion as Professor Fisher, even if we regret the touch of asperity and the suggestion of bad faith with which he treats some of our friends the wets, even if we doubt the impregnability of all his statistical deductions.

Dr. Colvin's book contains at least ten thousand facts (by statistical estimate, not actual count); for it has six hundred pages, and they must surely average at least 16 2-3 facts per page. Most of these facts seem to this reviewer unimportant, but perhaps there are no unimportant facts. At any rate, here are the details of every political contest in this country, from the days of Leif Ericsson down, in which the Prohibition Party or its predecessors took part; but if the curious seeker after information tries to find how many votes the party actually cast for president in a particular year, he will find Dr. Colvin singularly reticent. The work really deals with the political politics of prohibition, for that is what interests the author, who, as vice-presidential candidate in 1924, naturally thinks that the history shows the need for a national Prohibition Party. A monumental task of assembling insignificant facts seems to have been competently and conscientiously done, and future students of prohibition politics will be grateful to the author. Anyone who still believes that prohibition was somehow foisted on an unsuspecting country at a time when it was busy killing beer-drinking Germans would do well to read Dr. Colvin's chapters on the progress of prohibition in the States before the war, and to bear in mind that this country has been in process of going dry for half a century. Dr. Colvin does not prove the need for a Prohibition Party; he does indicate the importance of the liquor interest in politics. It is dry history, in two senses.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Hard-Boiled

The Sun Also Rises. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THE present novel by the author of "In Our Time" supports the recent prophecy that he will be the "big man in American letters." At the time the prophecy was delivered it was meaningless because it was equivocal. Many of the possible interpretations now being eliminated, we fear it has turned out to mean something which we shall all regret. Mr. Hemingway has written a book that will be talked about, praised, perhaps imitated; it has already been received in something of that cautiously critical spirit which the followers of Henry James so notoriously maintain toward the master. Mr. Hemingway has produced a successful novel, but not without returning some violence upon the integrity achieved in his first book. He decided for reasons of his own to write a popular novel, or he wrote the only novel which he could write.

To choose the latter conjecture is to clear his intentions, obviously at the cost of impugning his art. One infers moreover that although sentimentality appears explicitly for the first ti in his prose, it must have always been there. Its history ca constructed. The method used in "In Our Time" was *pointilliste*, and the sentimentality was submerged. With great skill he reversed the usual and most general formula of prose fiction: instead of selecting the details of physical background and of human behavior for the intensification of a dramatic situation, he employed the minimum of drama for the greatest possible intensification of the observed object. The reference of emphasis for the observed object was therefore not the action; rather, the reference of the action was the object, and the action could be impure or incomplete without risk of detection. It could be mixed and incoherent; it could be brought in when it was advantageous to observation, or left out. The exception, important as such, in Mr. Hemingway's work is the story Mr. and Mrs. Elliott. Here the definite dramatic conflict inherent in a sexual relation emerged as fantasy, and significantly; presumably he could not handle it otherwise without giving himself away.

In "The Sun Also Rises," a full-length novel, Mr. Hemingway could not escape such leading situations, and he had besides to approach them with a kind of seriousness. He fails. It is not that Mr. Hemingway is, in the term which he uses in fine contempt for the big word, hard-boiled; it is that he is not hard-boiled enough, in the artistic sense. No one can dispute with a writer the significance he derives from his subject-matter; one can only point out that the significance is mixed or incomplete. Brett is a nymphomaniac; Robert Cohn, a most offensive cad; both are puppets. For the emphasis is false; Hemingway doesn't fill out his characters and let them stand for themselves; he isolates one or two chief traits which reduce them to caricature. His perception of the physical object is direct and accurate; his vision of character, singularly oblique. And he actually betrays the interior machinery of his hard-boiled attitude: "It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing," says Jake, the sexually impotent, musing on the futile accessibility of Brett. The history of his sentimentality is thus complete.

There are certain devices exploited in the book which do not improve it; they extend its appeal. Robert Cohn is not only a bounder, he is a Jewish bounder. The other bounders, like Mike, Mr. Hemingway for some reason spares. He also spares Brett —another device—for while her pleasant folly need not be flogged, it equally need not be condoned; she becomes the attrac-

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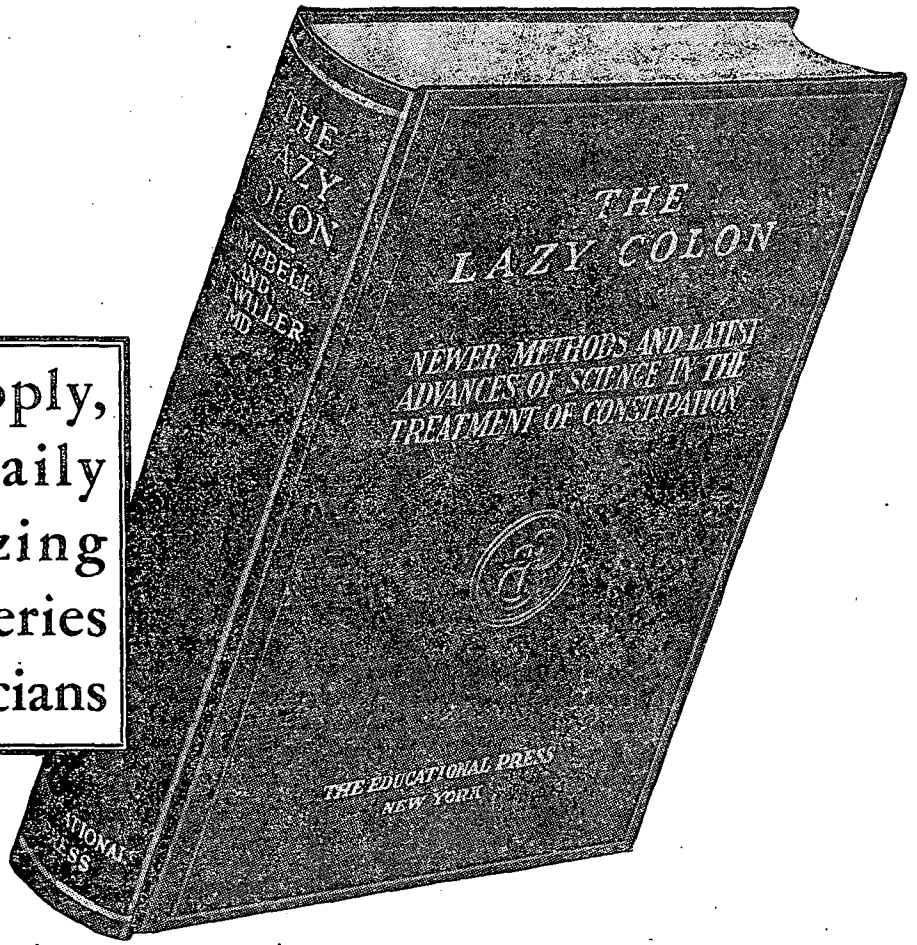
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YOU can prolong your youth twenty, thirty or an even greater number of years. It is not necessarily short lived.

Scientists have discovered that *the aging process* (which so mars human bodies, particularly women's) *is not a matter of just so many years, but actually a chronic disease.* The cause is a combination of bad habits. As Seneca once wrote, "Man does not die. He kills himself."

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The case of Ninon de Lenclos

PROBABLY the most famous case of retained youth is that of Ninon de Lenclos. During her early years she led the free life of a gay Parisian. Later she became acknowledged leader of society and fashion. She radiated an irresistible personal fascination—both for men and women. At 70 she had the appearance of a mature beauty in her late twenties. Her skin was free from wrinkles, and her shoulders, bust and neck were of exceptional roundness and beauty. So beautiful was she at 90 that a young man (who knew her age) fell desperately in love with her. Her figure retained to the last the perfect contour and elasticity of a woman in her prime. Records prove she diligently pursued certain rules for the care of her body which coincide to-day with the findings of modern science.

The greatest cause of aging

THE chief reason why we lose youth and beauty (grow old) is declared by Metchnikoff and other great scientists to be intestinal stasis (one form of which is constipation). Authorities (such as Foges and Kellogg) declare that 90% of all men and women over 25 are habitually constipated. (This explains why the average person begins to fail in health within less than 7 years after that time—at 31, according to U. S. Life Tables). Intestinal poisoning (brought on by constipation) causes headaches, irritability, blurred visions, despondency, dizziness and sleeplessness; also skin troubles destructive to beauty; wrinkles, yellow skin, dry or falling hair, and sallow complexion. Many cases of over or under weight are attributable to this cause. Intestinal poisoning also gives rise to a great variety of disease—including kidney trouble, bad tonsils, hardening of the arteries, abscessed teeth, abdominal cancer, and some 30 other dangerous conditions (according to Sir Arbuthnot Lane, physician to King George V).

This book will show you how to stay young

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tive wayward lady of Sir Arthur Pinero and Michael Arlen. Petronius's Circe, the archetype of all the Bretts, was neither appealing nor deformed.

Mr. Hemingway has for some time been in the habit of throwing pebbles at the great—which recalls Mr. Pope's couplet about his contemporary Mr. Dennis. The habit was formed in "The Torrents of Spring," where it was amusing. It is disconcerting in the present novel; it strains the context; and one suspects that Mr. Hemingway protests too much. The point he seems to be making is that he is morally superior, for instance, to Mr. Mencken, but it is not yet clear just why.

ALLEN TATE

The Problem of Races

Rasse und Kultur. Von Friedrich Hertz. Leipzig: Alfred Kröner.

THERE are not many books that attack the exaggerate valuation of hereditary mental qualities of races and thus attempt to counteract the popular notion of a self-evident racial superiority on the part of the European—particularly of the "Nordic." Their effectiveness is limited by the difficulty of avoiding the appearance of partisanship in opposing opinions that are violently asserted and dogmatically accepted. Caution in the selection of undisputable data and a thorough mastery of the biological problem are, therefore, a fundamental necessity for success. Jean Finot's book, "Le préjugé des races," hardly fulfils these conditions. Much more satisfactory is "Das Rassenproblem," by Ignatz Zollschan, which, however, suffers from the disadvantage of being essentially an attack upon Anti-Semitism. In its earlier editions Dr. Friedrich Hertz's book "Rasse und Kultur" is essentially a criticism of Houston Stewart Chamberlain; its new, third edition of 1925, now before us, has been largely rewritten and takes up the problem in all its latest aspects.

The author discusses the social conditions making for racial antagonism and their influence upon the development of racial theories. He discusses the various human types and the relation between type and mental life; the interrelation of race and language; the problem of race mixture; the modern race theories, particularly those of Eugen Fischer, Hans Günther, and F. Lentz. This is followed by a special discussion of cultural phenomena in various groups and finally by a chapter on the conditions of cultural progress and on the psychology and ethics of race theories. His brief historical introduction sets forth the development of race theories and the interesting fact that the students of general history of human culture, who do not deal with the history of one particular area, have always been led to assume that the essential mental characteristics of all races are alike. In this his book is in agreeable contrast to the misstatements and misconceptions of Théophile Simar, who in his "Etude critique sur la formation de la doctrine des races" does not distinguish between the actual cultural individuality of nations or of other social groups and the theory of the hereditary determination of cultural forms. Thus it happens that he includes Herder among the defenders of the theories based on racial self-appreciation, although his great purpose was to teach the value of national and tribal individuality.

In the chapter on the physical basis of the mentality of races Dr. Hertz is not so fortunate. He brings forward material that shows clearly the inadequacy of alleged proofs which are believed to justify the exaggerated emphasis that is habitually laid on heredity and stability of type; but he does not succeed in establishing his thesis of a complete lack of correlation between race and mentality. We cannot accept as conclusive all the evidence by which he tries to establish the instability of types. At the present time it is just as impossible to prove conclusively that the hereditary mental characteristics of races are alike as that they are somewhat different; but his examination of the available data does prove that it is quite impossible to show any kind of superiority of one type over another. The author is undoubtedly right in emphasizing the adaptability of function to outer conditions. This implies that human types differing considerably in build may function physiologically and mentally in similar ways.

To the criticism of Gobineau and Chamberlain in earlier editions is added a critique of modern biologists who claim a close correlation between mental character and racial descent. His criticism makes it clear that the claim of a hereditary cause for the observed differences in the behavior of nations or racial groups rests on dogmatic assertion, not on biological proof. Nevertheless, the author hardly does justice to the serious attempts to find evidence for possible functional differences between racial groups. The necessity for such investigation is evident on account of the modern findings of experimental psychologists that have shown clear differences in reaction to the so-called intelligence tests among various nationalities. It has not been proved in the least that these differences are determined by heredity, but their existence must be considered and studied. The general tendency of Dr. Hertz to minimize heredity as against environmental influences brings it about that he underestimates the importance of heredity in family lines. The error in the argument of most investigators lies in the unjustifiable confusion of biological inheritance in family lines as against the distribution of form and function in racial groups containing a large number of unrelated family lines. It is more than likely that Dr. Hertz is right in claiming that functional racial heredity does not exist. At least, his arguments seem convincing when he sets forth that tradition controls the cultural life of nations, and that, as compared to its importance, hereditary differences may be neglected. He proves that for the purpose of understanding cultural development, the functional differences between races are negligible; but he has not succeeded in proving that there may not be slight hereditary differences between various races, particularly in so far as the frequencies of different hereditary types are concerned.

It is intelligible that a book dealing with racial antagonisms, a phenomenon of our time that is exciting the passions not merely of the masses and that involves the greatest danger to sane progress, should at times transgress the limits of objective discussion. We cannot help feeling that a greater restraint upon the praiseworthy enthusiasm of the author would have strengthened the influence of the book.

FRANZ BOAS

Four English Essayists

The Background of English Literature. By H. J. C. Grierson. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

Critical Essays. By Osbert Burdett. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

Fallodon Papers. By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Vision and Jewels. By Moysheh Oyved. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

A COLLECTION of four books by a distinguished professor, a brilliant critic, a famous statesman, and the proprietor of "the oddest, most artistic little shop in London" ought, no doubt, to be representative of a nation; that it is not proves that England is larger than her leisure class and just at present expressing herself in a medium other than literature. Conversely, this implies a break between its literature and reality; and the absence of forceful writers unqualifiedly facing a post-war English nation is distressingly apparent. Shaw and Galsworthy are still smashing the old, dead gods. Intrenched behind the debris they have wrought they do not make for further advance, and Shaw, at least, possesses the clarity of self-appraisal—and also the self-assurance—to suggest that he be superseded.

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• • •

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The culture of the English litterateur makes it thrice difficult for him adequately to appraise the situation of his race without precedent in letters. Professor Grierson recognizes the social basis of literature, "the spirit of a self-confident society seeking in art and literature the expression of its ideals and convictions." His appreciations are robust; he makes Byron, as the poet of action and energy, the subject of a splendid tribute. He champions Donne and defends Sancho Panza as the symbol of dull, plodding humanity which nevertheless follows the visionary, infected with his madness. Mr. Burdett ably appraises Frank Harris, pleads for the "humanity" of letters, and writes this powerful sentence: "Joy is a quality of strength, and only in the great poets is intensity wholly free from tensity." But neither Professor Grierson nor Mr. Burdett gives marrow to the young writer bent on newer things.

For Viscount Grey writing is, of course, a release from public life. He writes interestingly of waterfowl, and this much is apparent, that he has entertained himself by writing. It is also true that his papers on fly-fishing, the coloration of birds, and the pleasures of reading are merely recreation for their busy author and not the spontaneous product of an inner spirituality such as, for example, lilts with W. H. Davies or piously trundles with Walton.

Mr. Oyved's book, the frequently charming autobiography of a beautiful soul, translates itself quaintly against an English background. It would be unfair to grudge the author the oasis he has created for himself, and his quiet mannerism would disarm criticism—were criticism possible of an elfin mood saturated with shrewd Jewish glimpses of humanity. Only, his Love—the eviscerated post-exilic thing of "Visions and Jewels"—is too amorphous a creature to carry the burdens of the Time Spirit across-stream like another Christopher.

JOHN WALDHORN GASSNER

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. This year in addition a second prize of $50 and a third prize of $25 will be offered. The rules for 1926 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Wednesday, December 1, and not later than Friday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page.

3. No manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poems will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1927.

7. Besides the winning poems, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Books in Brief

Labels. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

"Somehow or other, in the course of centuries," says one of the characters here, "we've got to slough off the philosophy which has led us down the wrong trail. . . . The progress of man—if any—is over the dead bodies of its conscientious objectors." This thought—both in its earnestness and its vagueness—permeates "Labels," giving it an underlying force and at the same time robbing it of drive as a piece of fiction. The author's materials have begun to date, and all his expert handling cannot keep the story from seeming remote.

Sabbatical Year. By George Shively. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

A bright and crackling homily about a misfit minister and what—when sufficiently tempted—he does about it. Briefly, he spends his vacation with a member of his congregation in a manner not exactly sanctioned by his sermons. When the affair begins to assume the proportions of a scandal, he decides to revise his pulpit utterances to conform to his conduct. The sermon which the young man preaches on his return is awaited by the reader with as keen interest as though it were the solution of a crime mystery story. The plot is daring in approximately the same sense that an evening gown might be; the talk is correctly tailored and smart; the total effect is momentarily amusing but ultimately unsatisfactory.

Drama

A Note on Tragedy

THE fundamentals of Tragedy are a protest and an adjustment. Its subject is some flaw in man or the universe; its task the generation of some mood by means of which this flaw and its consequences are made either acceptable or at least tolerable to the human spirit. No mere series of unfortunate accidents ending in catastrophe is enough, for mere accident is trivial and mere catastrophe is, in itself, not tragic but painful. Only when something inevitable is involved and only when the passion of our protest against it is in a measure stilled does Tragedy come into being, for Tragedy is always, in some measure, a justification of the ways of God to man.

The creation of Tragedy, so defined, is one of the most enduring activities of man, since it began when first he discovered how art might comfort his distress, and since it will continue until that day comes—if ever it does—when, recognizing the eternal and finally unbearable disharmony between himself and his universe, he gives up all effort to reconcile himself to it and thus dies his ultimate spiritual death. But though Tragedy is timeless, the form which tragedies take varies with the age which creates them, and no spiritual epoch has realized itself until it has created its tragedy, stating the gravamen of its protest and the terms of its acceptance. Something of this sort the great Greeks did for their age and Shakespeare for his, but no one has done it equally well for ours. Our vision, if not deeper, is more extensive, and while we perceive more completely than any before us the manifold intricacies of our predicament, the comforts which others had seem more shadowy. Perhaps, indeed, nothing is more full of dark implications than the fact that true Tragedy is more difficult to write now than ever before. Gone with the last glimmerings of religion is that acceptance of destiny in which the Greeks rested, and gone, too, is that sense of the dignity and greatness of human passions which made man seem to Shakespeare glorious even in defeat. Man, too, as we know him better, seems little; unable to bear the dignity of the sceptered pall; at best not tragic but merely pitiful.

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Perhaps the real greatness of Eugene O'Neill lies in the fact that he has come nearer than any other American to writing Tragedy in this sense, and that even in a play as early as "Beyond the Horizon" (now being revived by the Actors' Theater at the Mansfield) is clearly to be seen an instinctive discernment of the laws of such writing. This play is marked by a sense of tragic fitness which is by no means the inevitable accompaniment of vigor or honesty and which lifts the play, as art, to a higher level than those two qualities alone can ever reach. In the hands of another his story might have become a vehicle for mere pathos or sentiment. If this boy who gives up his dream of a full life of adventure in strange lands for a marriage which chains him to the farm he hates had found in his marriage even the peace of gradual extinction, the play would be essentially a play of sentiment; if his wife had turned out to be merely not the woman he thought her, then his story would be only the story of an unfortunate mistake; but actually it is neither of these things. Divesting himself of every trace of faith in the permanent value of love and presenting it as merely one of the subtlest of those traps by which Nature snares Man, O'Neill turns a play which might have been merely ironic into an indictment not only of chance or fate but of that whole universe which sets itself up against man's desires and conquers them.

Time and time again as the action proceeds one is struck to admiration by the way in which instinct leads O'Neill to sound the note which maintains the harmony of his conception when it would be so easy to destroy it. Thus, for example, when the ther returns and the wife confesses that it was he whom ought to have loved, irony (something much lower than gedy) demands that he should confess a love for her, and any one with a less fine tragic sense would have made him do so. But O'Neill, realizing that love has no place in the world he has created, makes him merely laugh at such romantic notions instead, and the play, which might there have degenerated into a pitiful story of misplaced affections, leaps up once more into the bleak heights of Tragedy. And if, as Tragedy, it fails to take a place among supreme achievements it is only because no complete acquiescence in the events recorded is possible, because, in spite of the stoicism it inspires, there remains in it, as in all really modern tragedy, something that is merely distressing.

Last year the merits of Mr. Noel Coward's plays were somewhat overrated, and this year the commentators, having discovered that fact, cover their confusion by refusing to give the devil even his due. Actually, "This Was a Man" (Klaw Theater) is considerably better than "The Vortex"—shallow, of course, but clever, spicy, and generally diverting. "Mozart" (Music Box), the Guitry play, in a later production of which the author is to appear here, has a measure of delicate charm, but it is spoiled by the frightful descents which Miss Irene Bordoni is allowed to make into music-hall minstrelsy.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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The British Commonwealth of Nations

WE print herewith the concluding portion of the report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of the British Imperial Conference, as cabled to the New York *Times*. The first section was printed in last week's *Nation*.

F—Coming into Force of Multilateral Treaties. In general treaties contain a ratification clause and the provision that the treaty will come into force on the deposit of a certain number of ratifications. The question has sometimes arisen in connection with treaties negotiated under the auspices of the League whether for the purpose of making up the number of ratifications necessary to bring the treaty into force ratifications on behalf of different parts of the empire which are separate members of the League should be counted as separate ratifications.

In order to avoid any difficulty in future it is recommended that when it is thought necessary that a treaty should contain a clause of this character it should take the form of a provision that the treaty should come into force when it has been ratified on behalf of so many separate members of the League.

We think that some convenient opportunity should be taken of explaining to other members of the League changes which it is desired to make in the form of treaties and the reasons for which they are desired. We would also recommend that the various governments of the empire should make it an instruction to their representatives at international conferences to be held in the future that they should use their best endeavors to secure that effect is given to the recommendations contained in the foregoing.

G—Representation at International Conferences. We also studied in the light of the resolution of the Imperial Conference of 1923 to which reference already has been made the question of representation of different parts of the empire at international conferences. The conclusions which we reached may be summarized as follows:

1. No difficulty arises as regards representation at conferences convened by or under the auspices of the League of Nations. In the case of such conferences all members of the League are invited and if they attend are represented separately by separate delegations. Cooperation is insured by application of Paragraph 1, 1-C, of the resolution of 1923.

2. As regards international conferences summoned by foreign governments, no rule of universal application can be laid down, since the nature of representation must in part depend on the form of invitation issued by the convening government.

(a) In conferences of a technical character it is usual and always desirable that different parts of the empire should (if they wish to participate) be represented separately by separate delegations, and where necessary efforts should be made to secure invitations which will render such representation possible.

(b) Conferences of a political character called by a foreign government must be considered on the special circumstances of each individual case.

It is for each part of the empire to decide whether its particular interests are so involved, especially having regard to active obligations likely to be imposed by any resulting treaty, that it desires to be represented at a conference or whether it is content to leave negotiation in the hands of part or parts of the empire more directly concerned and accept the result.

If the government desires to participate in the conclusion of a treaty the method by which representation will be secured is a matter to be arranged with other governments of the empire in the light of the invitation which has been received. Where more than one part of the empire desires to be represented three methods of representation are possible:

(a) By means of a common plenipotentiary, or plenipotentiaries, the issue of full powers to whom should be on the advice of all parts of the empire participating.

(b) By a single British Empire delegation composed of separate representatives of such parts of the empire as are participating in the conference. This was the form of representation employed at the Washington Disarmament Conference of 1921.

(c) By separate delegations representing each part of the empire participating in the conference. If, as result of consultation, this third method is desired, an effort must be made to insure that the form of invitation from the convening government will make this method of representation possible.

Certain non-technical treaties should from their nature be concluded in a form which will render them binding upon all parts of the empire, and for this purpose should be ratified with the concurrence of all the governments. It is for each government to decide to what extent its concurrence in ratification will be facilitated by its participation in conclusion of a treaty, as, for instance, by the appointment of a common plenipotentiary. Any question as to whether the nature of the treaty is such that its ratification should be concurred in by all parts of the empire is matter for discussion and agreement between governments.

H—General Conduct of Foreign Policy. We went on examine the possibility of applying the principles underlying the treaty resolution of the 1923 conference to matters arising in the conduct of foreign affairs generally. It was frankly recognized that in this sphere, as in the sphere of defense, the major share of responsibility rests now and must for some time continue to rest with His Majesty's Government in Great Britain.

Nevertheless, practically all the Dominions are engaged to some extent, and some to a considerable extent, in the conduct of foreign relations, particularly those with foreign countries on their borders. A particular instance of this is the growing work in connection with the relations between Canada and the United States of America, which has led to the necessity for the appointment of a Minister Plenipotentiary to represent the Canadian Government in Washington.

We felt that the governing consideration underlying all the discussions of this problem must be that neither Great Britain nor the Dominions could be committed to acceptance of active obligations except with the definite assent of their own governments.

I—Issue of Exequaturs to Foreign Consuls in Dominions. A question was raised with regard to practice regarding the issue of exequaturs to consuls in the Dominions. The general practice hitherto in the case of all appointments of consuls *de carrière* in any part of the British Empire has been that the foreign government concerned notified His Majesty's Government in Great Britain through the diplomatic channel of the proposed appointment, and that, provided it is clear that the person concerned is in fact a consul *de carrière*, steps have been taken without further formality for the issue of His Majesty's exequatur.

In the case of consuls other than those *de carrière* it has been customary for some time past to consult the Dominion government concerned before the issue of an exequatur.

The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs informed us that His Majesty's Government in Great Britain accepted the suggestion that in future any application by a foreign government for the issue of an exequatur to any person who was to act as consul in the Dominion should be referred to the Dominion government concerned for consideration and that

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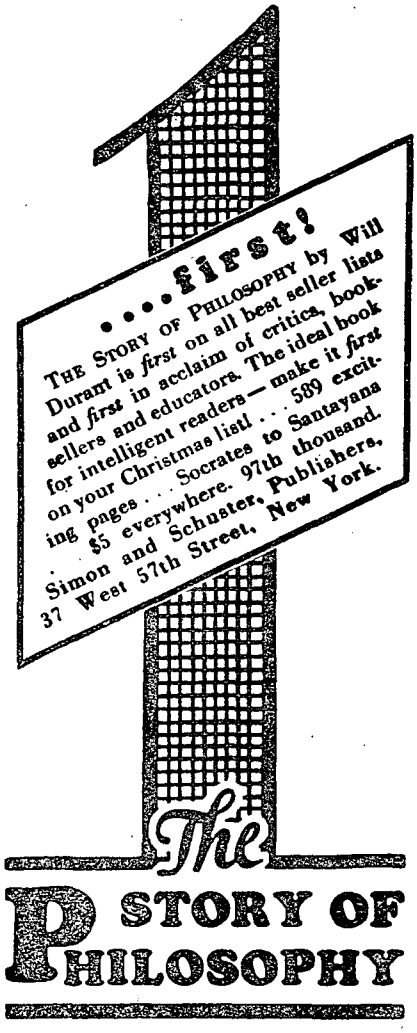
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if the Dominion government agreed to the issue of an exequatur it would be sent to them for counter-signature by the Dominion minister. Instructions to this effect had already been given.

J—Channel of Communication Between Dominion Governments and Foreign Governments. We took note of the development of the special interest which had occurred since the Imperial Conference last met, viz., the appointment of a minister plenipotentiary to represent the interests of the Irish Free State in Washington, which was now about to be followed by the appointment of a diplomatic representative of Canada.

We felt that the most fruitful results could be anticipated from the cooperation of His Majesty's representatives in the United States of America already initiated and now further to be developed. In cases other than those where Dominion ministers were accredited to heads of foreign states it was agreed to be very desirable that the existing diplomatic channels should continue to be used as between Dominion governments and foreign governments in matters of general and political concern. . . .

VI.—System of Communication and Consultation

Sessions of the Imperial Conference at which the prime ministers of Great Britain and the Dominions are all able to be present cannot, from the nature of things, take place very frequently. The system of communication and consultation between conferences becomes, therefore, of special importance. We reviewed the position now reached in this respect with special reference to the desirability of arranging that a closer personal touch should be established between Great Britain and the Dominions. Such contact alone can convey the impression of the atmosphere in which official correspondence is conducted.

Development in this respect seems particularly necessary in relation to matters of major importance in foreign affairs, where expedition is often essential and an urgent decision necessary. The special aspect of the question of consultation which we considered was that concerning the representation of Great Britain in the Dominions. By reason of his constitutional position, as explained in Section IV (B) of this report, the Governor General is no longer a representative of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain. There is no one, therefore, in the Dominion capitals in a position to represent with authority the views of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain.

We summed up our conclusions in the following resolution, which is submitted for consideration of the conference:

> The governments represented at the Imperial Conference are impressed with the desirability of developing a system of personal contact, both in London and in the Dominion capitals, to supplement the present system of intercommunication and a reciprocal supply of information of affairs requiring joint consideration. The manner in which any new system is to be worked out is a matter for consideration and settlement between His Majesty's governments in Great Britain and the Dominions, with due regard to the circumstances of each particular part of the empire, it being understood that any new arrangements should be supplementary to and not in replacement of the system of direct communication from government to government, and the special arrangements which have been in force since 1918 for communications between the prime ministers.

VII.—Particular Aspects of Foreign Relations Discussed by the Committee

It was found convenient that certain aspects of foreign relations on matters outstanding at the time of the conference should be referred to us, since they could be considered in greater detail and more informally than at meetings of the full conference.

A—Compulsory Arbitration in International Disputes. One question which we studied was that of arbitration in international disputes, with special reference to the question of acceptance of Article 36 of the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice providing for compulsory submission of certain classes of cases to the court. On this matter we decided to submit no resolution to the conference, but whilst the members of the committee were unanimous in favoring the widest possible extension of the method of arbitration for the settlement of international disputes, the feeling was that it was at present premature to accept the obligations under the article in question.

A general understanding was reached that none of the governments represented at the Imperial Conference would take any action in the direction of acceptance of the compulsory jurisdiction of the Permanent Court without bringing up the matter for further discussion.

B—Adherence of the United States of America to the Protocol Establishing the Permanent Court of International Justice. Connected with the question last mentioned was that of adherence of the United States of America to the protocol establishing the Permanent Court of International Justice.

The special conditions upon which the United States desired to become a party to the protocol had been discussed at a special conference held in Geneva in September, 1926, to which all the governments represented at the Imperial Conference had sent representatives. We ascertained that each of these governments was in accord with the conclusions reached by the special conference and with the action which that conference recommended.

C—The Policy of Locarno. The Imperial Conference was fortunate in meeting at a time just after the ratifications of the Locarno treaty of mutual guaranty had been exchanged on the entry of Germany into the League of Nations. It was, therefore, possible to envisage the results which the Locarno policy had achieved already, and to forecast to some extent the further results which it was hoped to secure. These were explained and discussed. It then became clear that from the standpoint of all the Dominions and of India there was complete approval of the manner in which the negotiations had been conducted and brought to so successful a conclusion.

Our final and unanimous conclusion was to recommend to the conference the adoption of the following resolution:

> The conference has heard with satisfaction the statement of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with regard to the efforts made to insure peace in Europe, culminating in the agreements of Locarno, and congratulates His Majesty's Government in Great Britain on its share in this successful contribution toward the promotion of the peace of the world.

Signed on behalf of the committee, Balfour, *Chairman*

Contributors to This Issue

Carleton Beals has been living in Mexico for several years. In the issues of *The Nation* of August 18, September 15, and October 6 he published articles on The Mexican Church Goes on Strike, Baron Banana in Puerto Barrios, and Calles Is Gaining in Mexico.

Anna Rochester, formerly an editor of the *World Tomorrow*, is now in China.

Ted Olson is a Wyoming poet.

Henry Raymond Mussey is professor of economics at Wellesley College, and was formerly associate editor of *The Nation*.

Allen Tate is a New York critic and poet.

Franz Boas, professor of anthropology at Columbia University, is a world authority on the problem of races. He contributed an article, What is a Race? to *The Nation's* Nordic Myth series in 1925.

The author of Mother's Daughter is a lawyer.

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